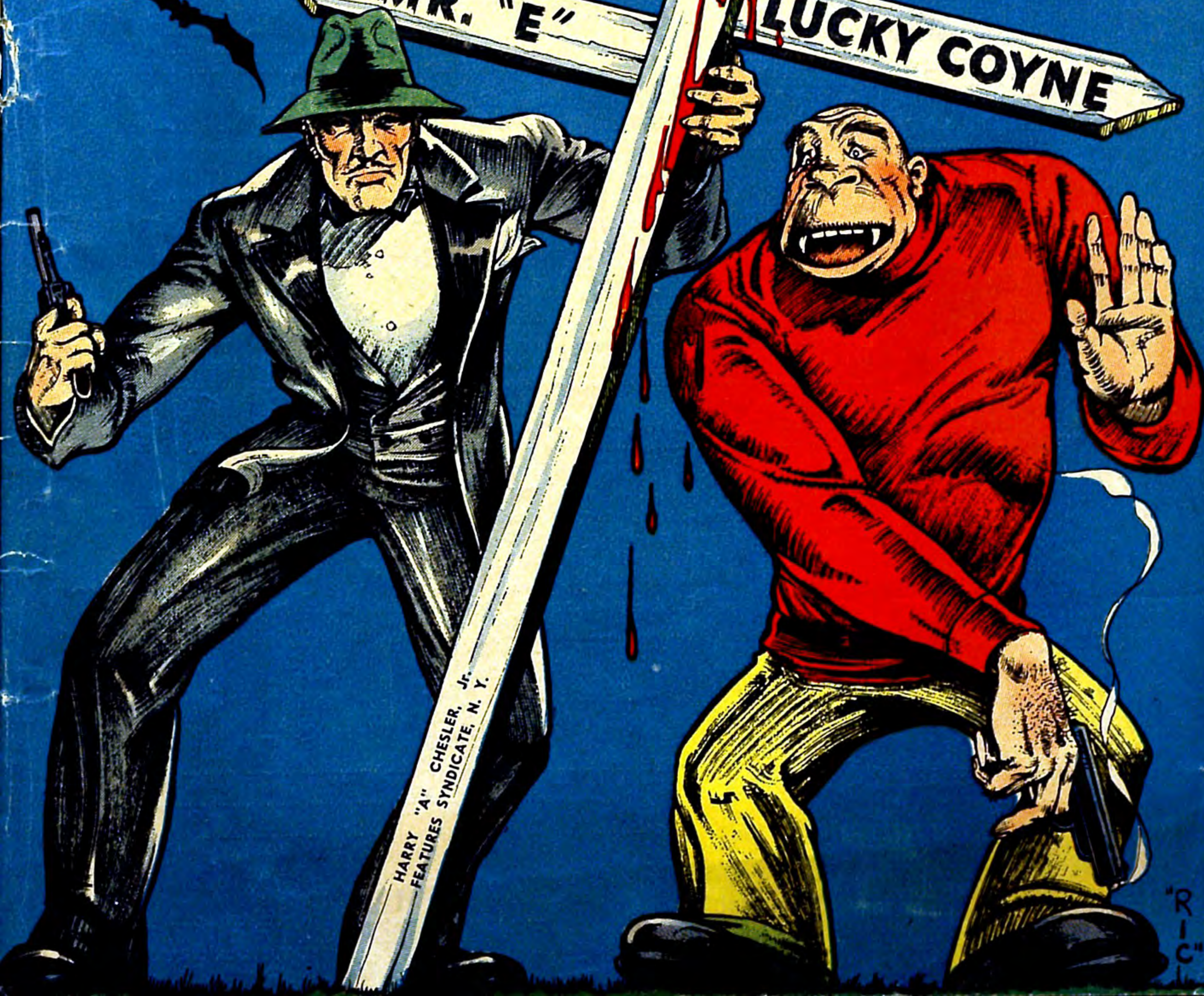


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# DYNAMIC MAN

SLEEP-RAY  
PROJECTOR

A WHOLE CITY FALLING ASLEEP! BUS DRIVERS, FACTORY WORKERS, PEOPLE ON THE STREET—MILLIONS OF SOULS CAUGHT IN A WEIRD SPELL OF DEEP SLEEP! AND AMONG THEM STRIDES THE SLEEP KING, LOOTING WITH NO ONE TO STOP HIM! NO ONE—EXCEPT DYNAMIC MAN! AND HE NEEDS ALL HIS POWER TO CHALLENGE THE DREAD TALENTS OF THE SLEEP KING!

A BUSY CITY STREET..

BUS STOP



GOTTA SIT DOWN... TIRED... Z-Z-Z-Z.

WHAT THE DEUCE? I'M SO SLEEPY.. EEE-AWN!

THE  
ENTIRE CITY  
DOES SOUND  
ASLEEP!

A comic book illustration of a city street at night. A large, dark, shadowy figure is emerging from a building. A yellow taxi is on the street, and a green bus is in the foreground. A speech bubble from the top left says "THE ENTIRE CITY DOES SOUND ASLEEP!".

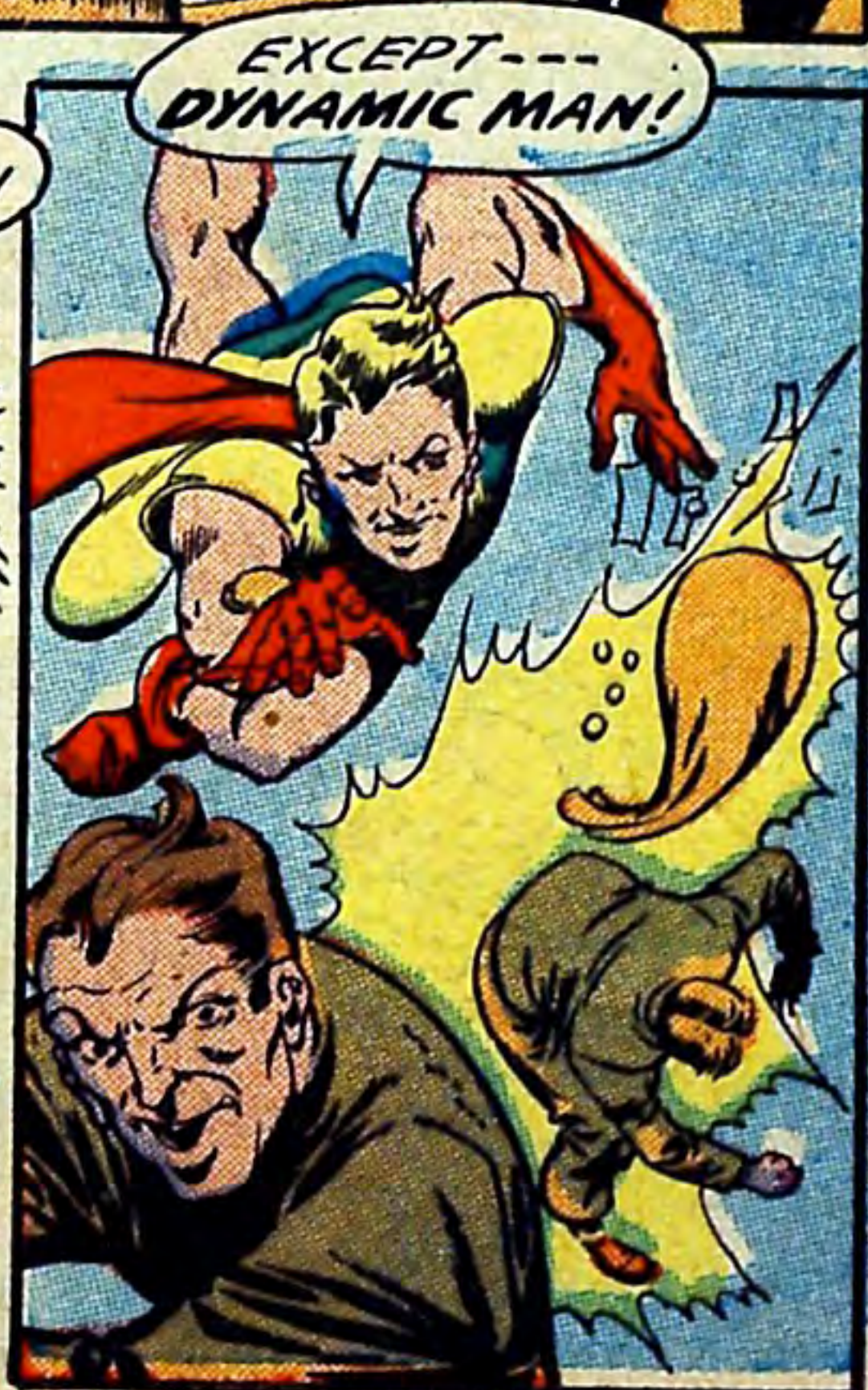
THE STIMULANT WILL WAKEN THE CONVICTS.

HUH?  
UH?

LOOK AT THEM  
ALL--ASLEEP! I'VE  
MADE THEM ALL  
RIP VAN WINKLES!  
HA HA HA!

A comic book panel showing a man with a mustache and a blue suit being held from behind by a man with glasses and a cigarette. The man with the mustache is saying "YEAH!" and the man with glasses is saying "OKAY, BOSS!".









YOU CAN  
GIVE IT--



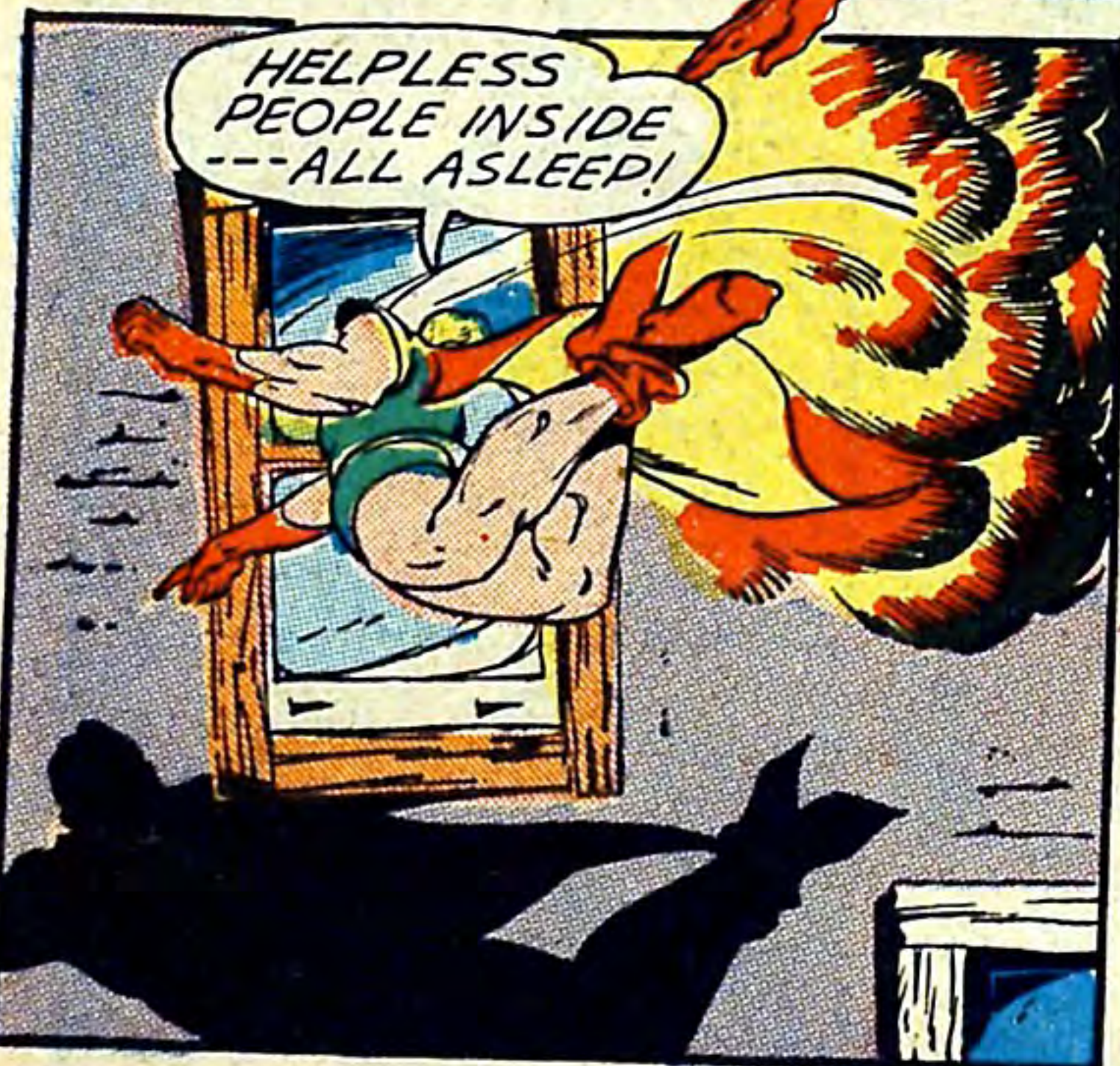
BUT CAN YOU  
TAKE IT?

NOW WHO'S  
BEHIND THIS?  
HOW WAS  
EVERYBODY  
PUT TO SLEEP?

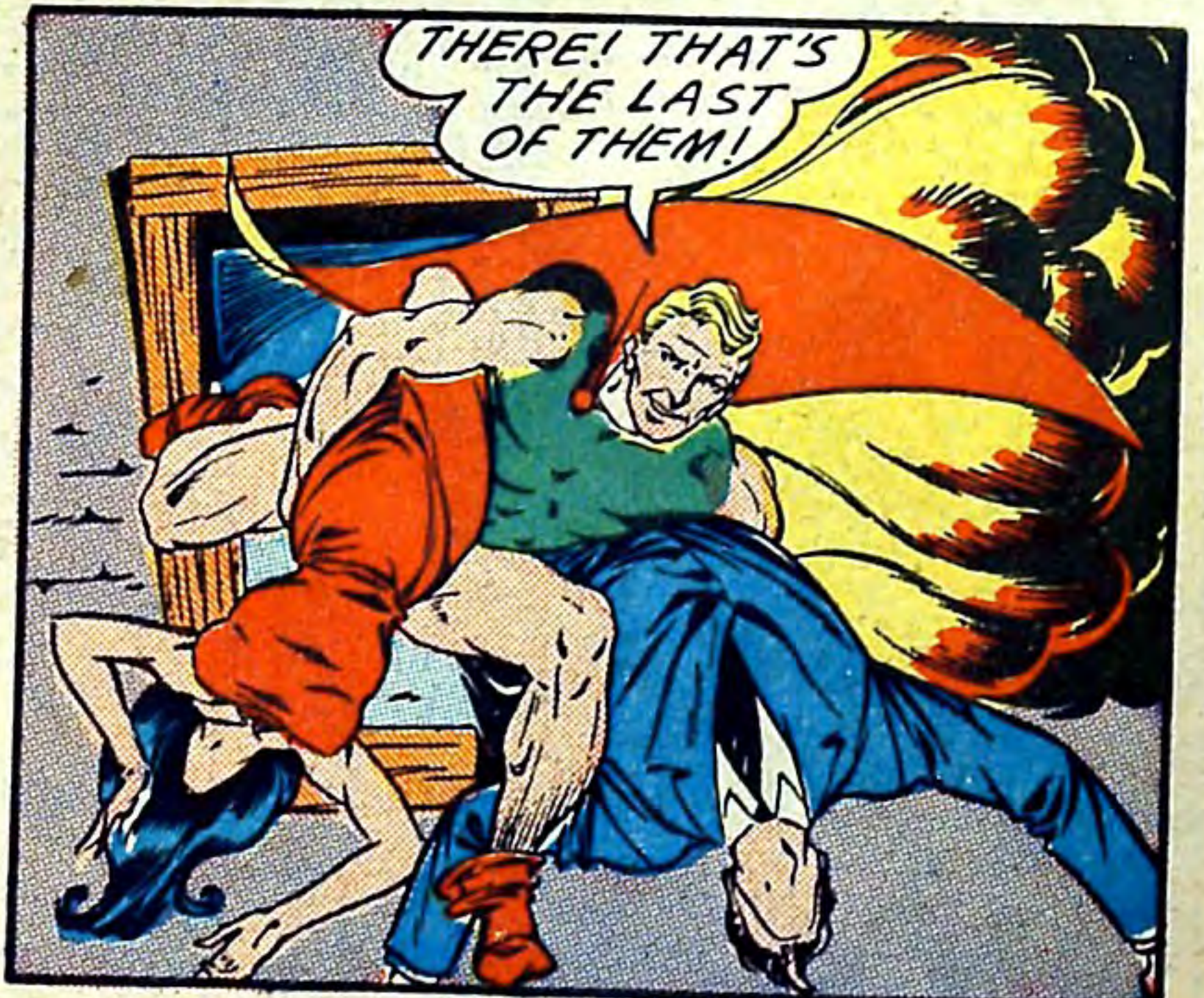
I--I DON'T KNOW,  
S'HELP ME!  
WE DON'T KNOW  
WHO THE SLEEP  
KING IS! WE  
DON'T KNOW  
NOTHING! WE  
JUST OBEY ORDERS!



A FIRE BROKE OUT!  
AND ALL FIREMEN  
ARE ASLEEP TOO!  
I'D BETTER GET  
ON THE JOB  
MYSELF!

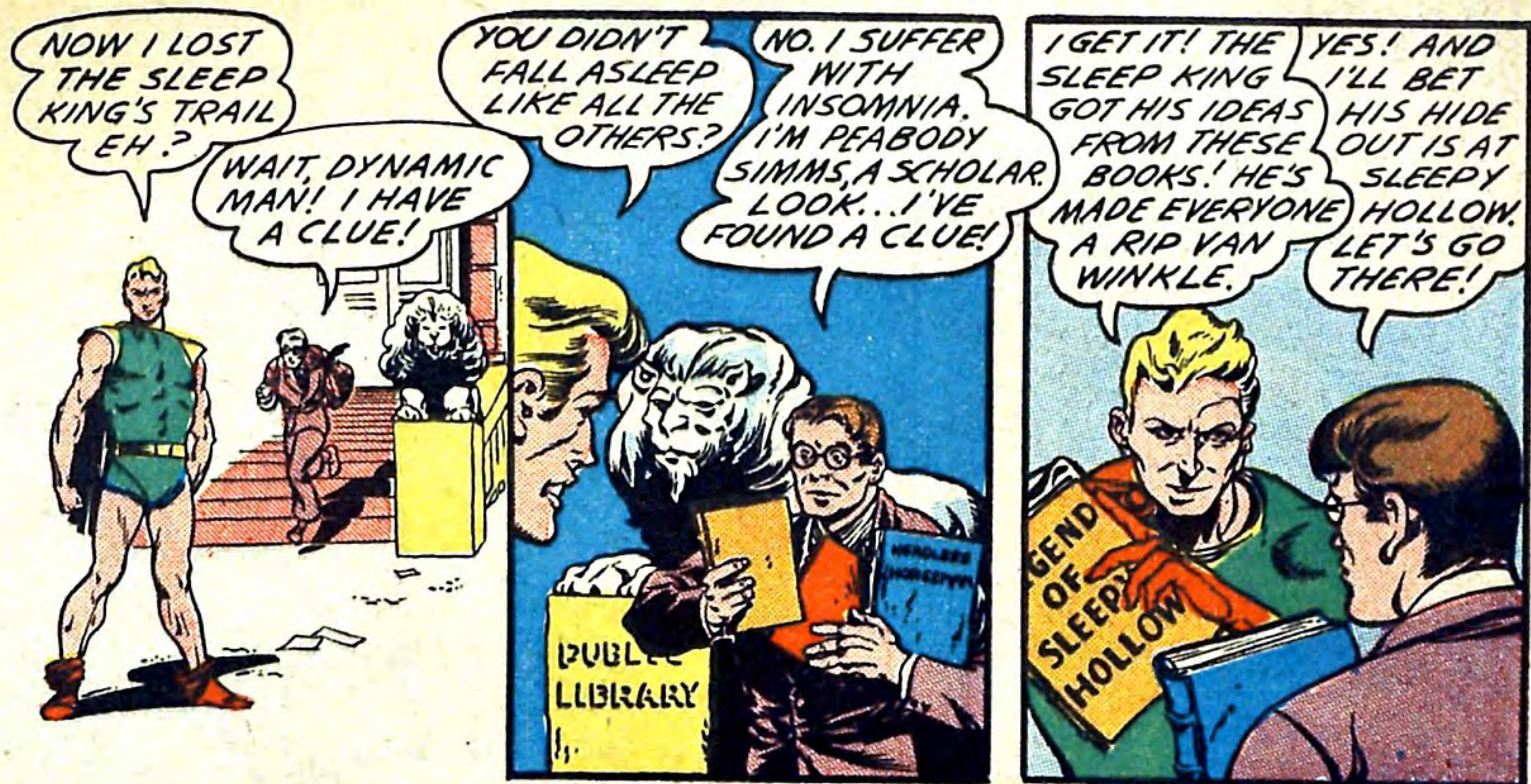


HELPLESS  
PEOPLE INSIDE  
---ALL ASLEEP!



THERE! THAT'S  
THE LAST  
OF THEM!







MY INVENTION WORKS ON THE ANAESTHETIC PRINCIPLE, PROJECTING A CHLOROFORM RAY. BEFORE I TURN IT OFF, THE WEALTH OF THE CITY WILL BE MINE!



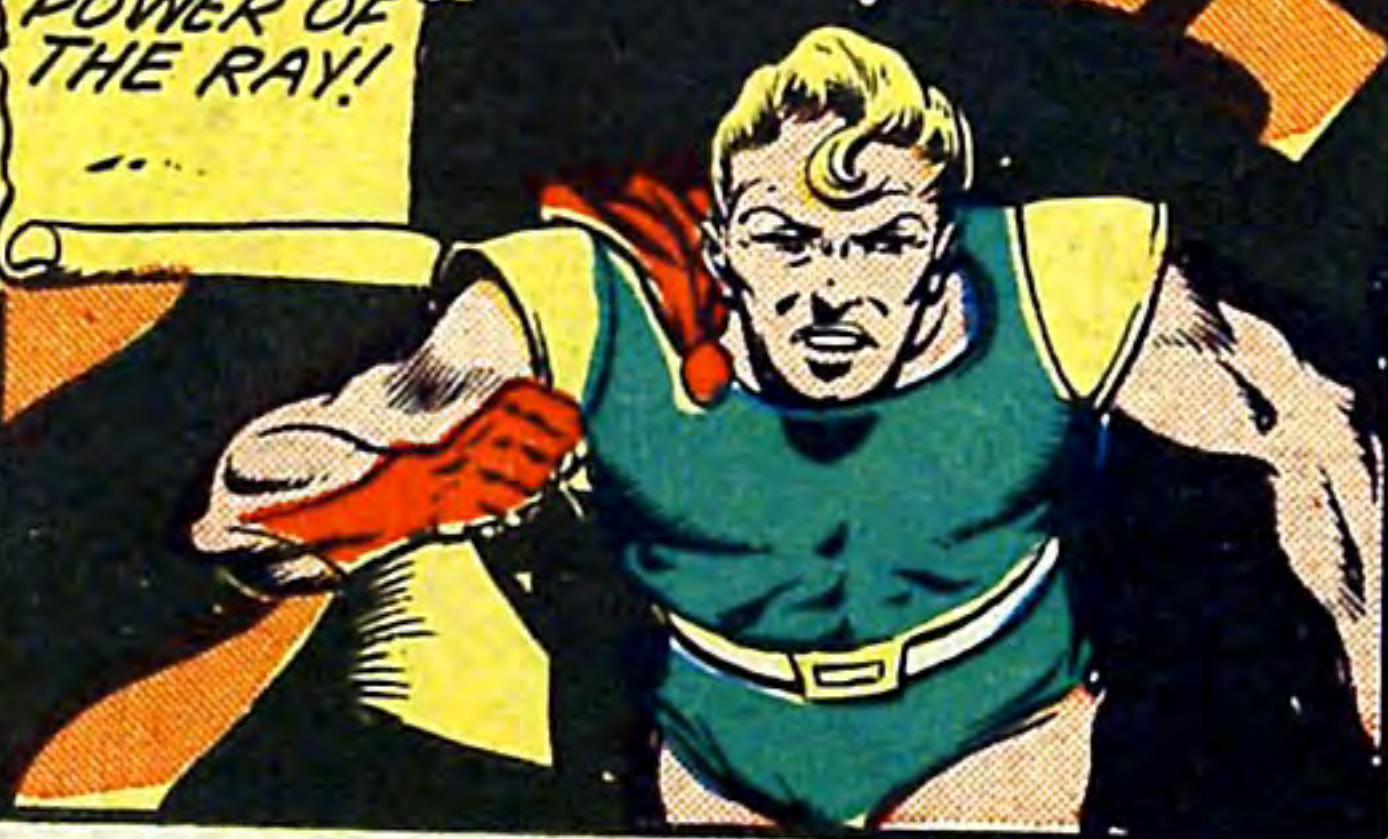
NOT WHILE I'M WIDE AWAKE!

AH! BUT I HAVE A SPECIAL SLEEP RAY MADE FOR YOU!



DYNAMIC MAN FIGHTS IN VAIN TO RESIST THE FRIGHTFUL POWER OF THE RAY!

TIRED --- SLEEPY! MUST FIGHT IT-- MUST! OHHH!



NOT ASLEEP-- BUT SO TIRED! CAN'T --- MOVE--

HAA! AS LONG AS THE RAY SHINES ON YOU, YOU CAN'T OPPOSE ME!



HA, HA! GOOD WORK MEN! NOW RETURN TO THE CITY FOR MORE! WE'LL SPLIT THE SWAG WHEN IT'S ALL HERE!

YEAH BOSS WE'LL ALL BE MILLIONAIRES!



THAT RAY!-- MUST DO SOMETHING QUICK!



THE LEVER! IF ONLY I CAN GET UP ENOUGH ENERGY TO PULL IT---





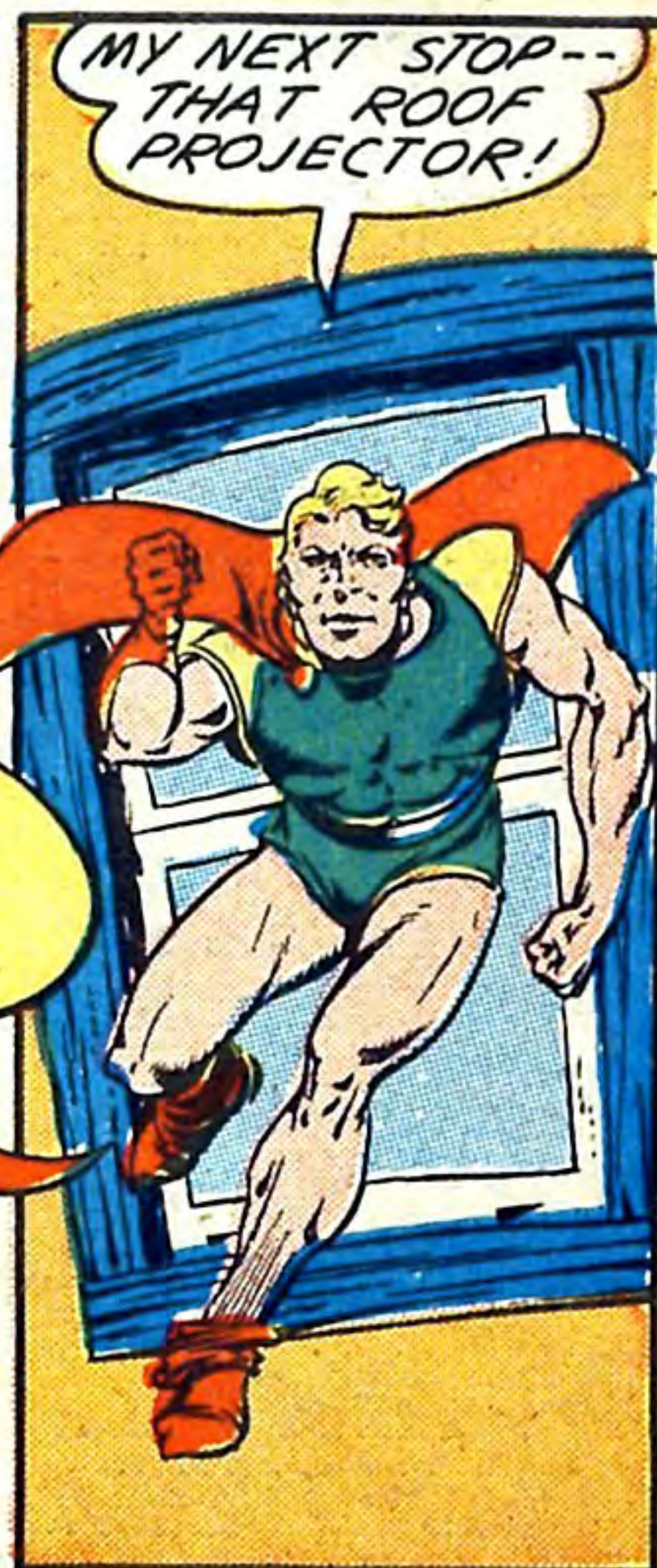


UHH!  
DID IT--  
GASP!

THE DIABOLICAL RAY  
TURNS OFF!



NOW I'M  
MYSELF  
AGAIN.

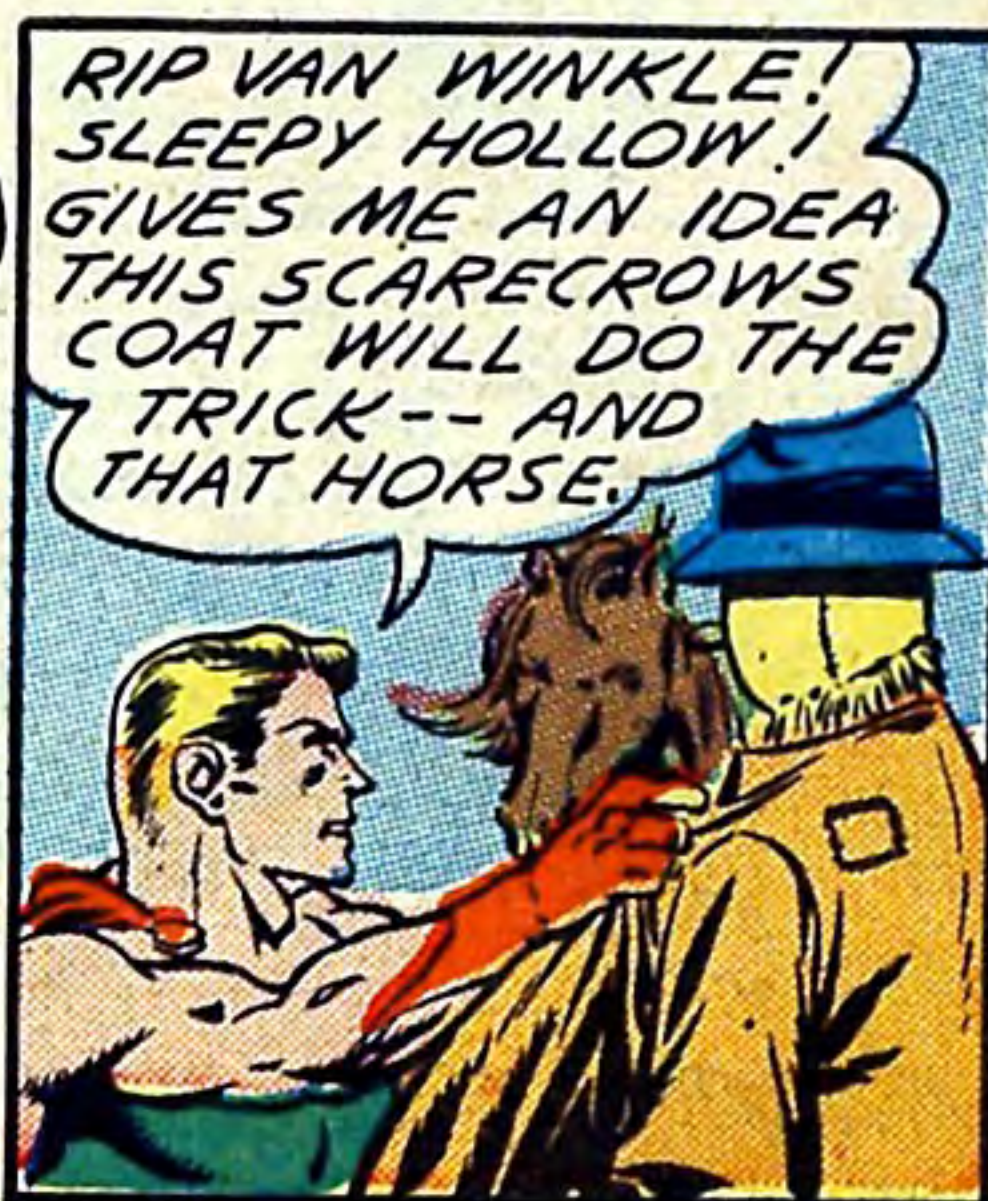


MY NEXT STOP--  
THAT ROOF  
PROJECTOR!



UPSY  
DAISY!

NOW FOR THE SLEEP  
KING-- WAIT! HIS  
MEN ARE RETURNING  
FROM THE CITY WITH  
ANOTHER LOAD  
OF LOOT!



RIP VAN WINKLE!  
SLEEPY HOLLOW!  
GIVES ME AN IDEA  
THIS SCARECROWS  
COAT WILL DO THE  
TRICK-- AND  
THAT HORSE.



BOY,  
WOTTA  
HAUL!

HEY! LOOK  
WOT'S COMIN'  
GUYS. GULP!



I AM THE  
HEADLESS  
HORSEMAN!

Y-I-I-I  
HELLUP!  
E-E-E-E





YOU'VE HAD A GOOD SCARE RATS-- NOW FOR THE WORKS!

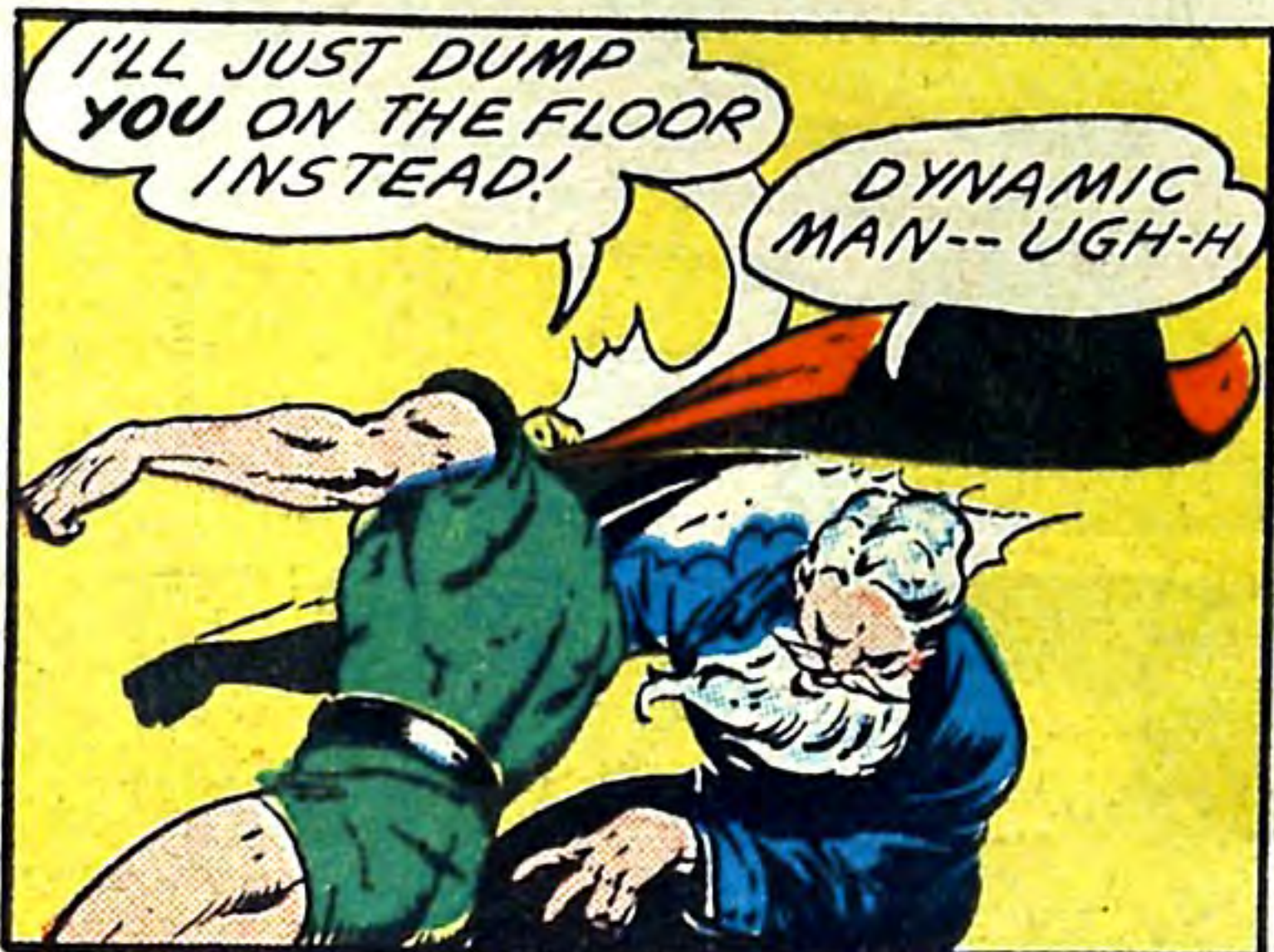


WONDER WHY THE SLEEP KING HASN'T COME OUT? IS HE DEAF?



BUT SLEEP KING, COUNTING HIS ILL GOTTEN WEALTH IN THE BASEMENT IS OBLIVIOUS TO ALL ELSE.

AH AH! THE RANSOM OF KINGS! IS THAT YOU, LOUIE? DUMP YOUR LOAD ON THE FLOOR!



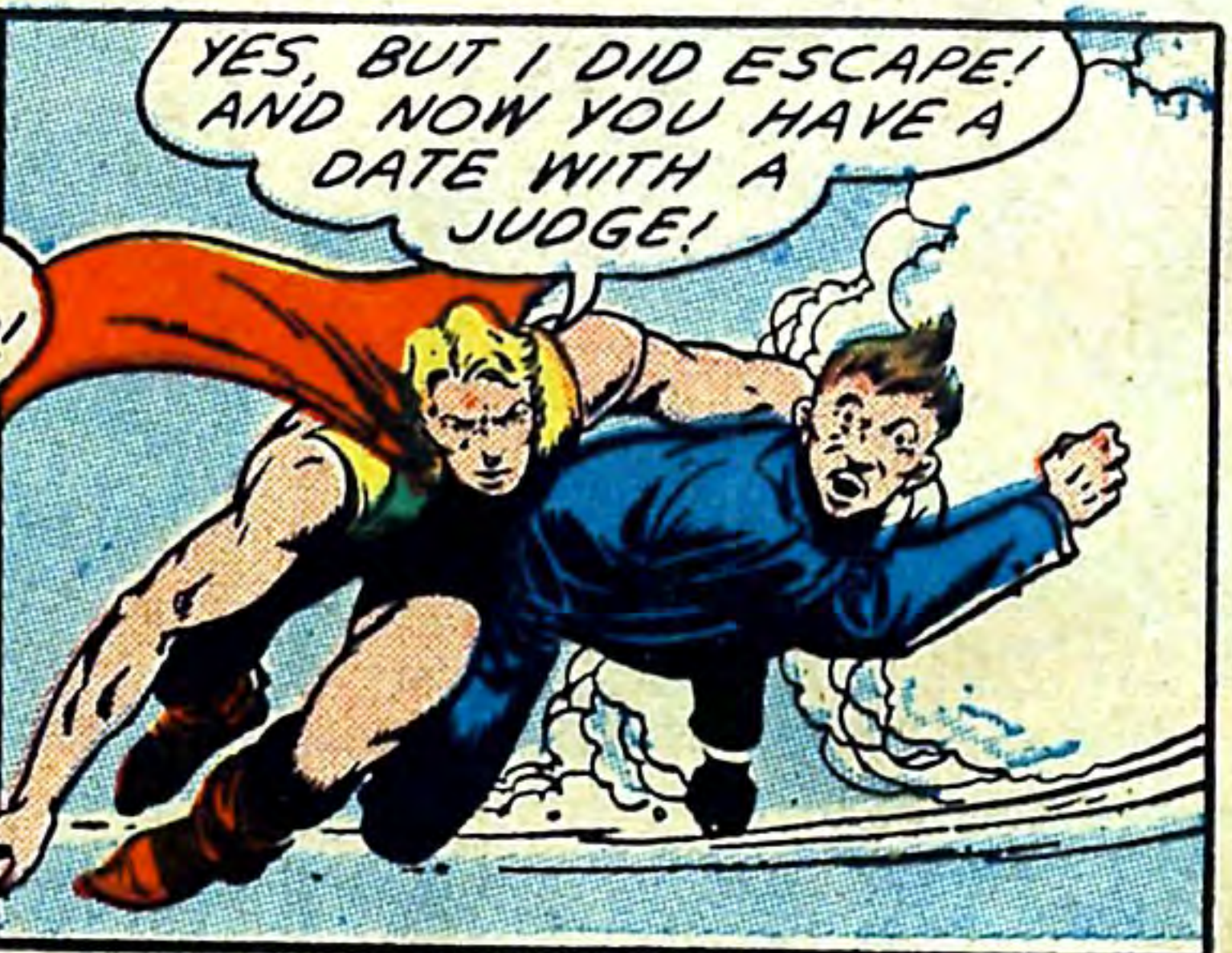
I'LL JUST DUMP YOU ON THE FLOOR INSTEAD!

DYNAMIC MAN-- UGH-H

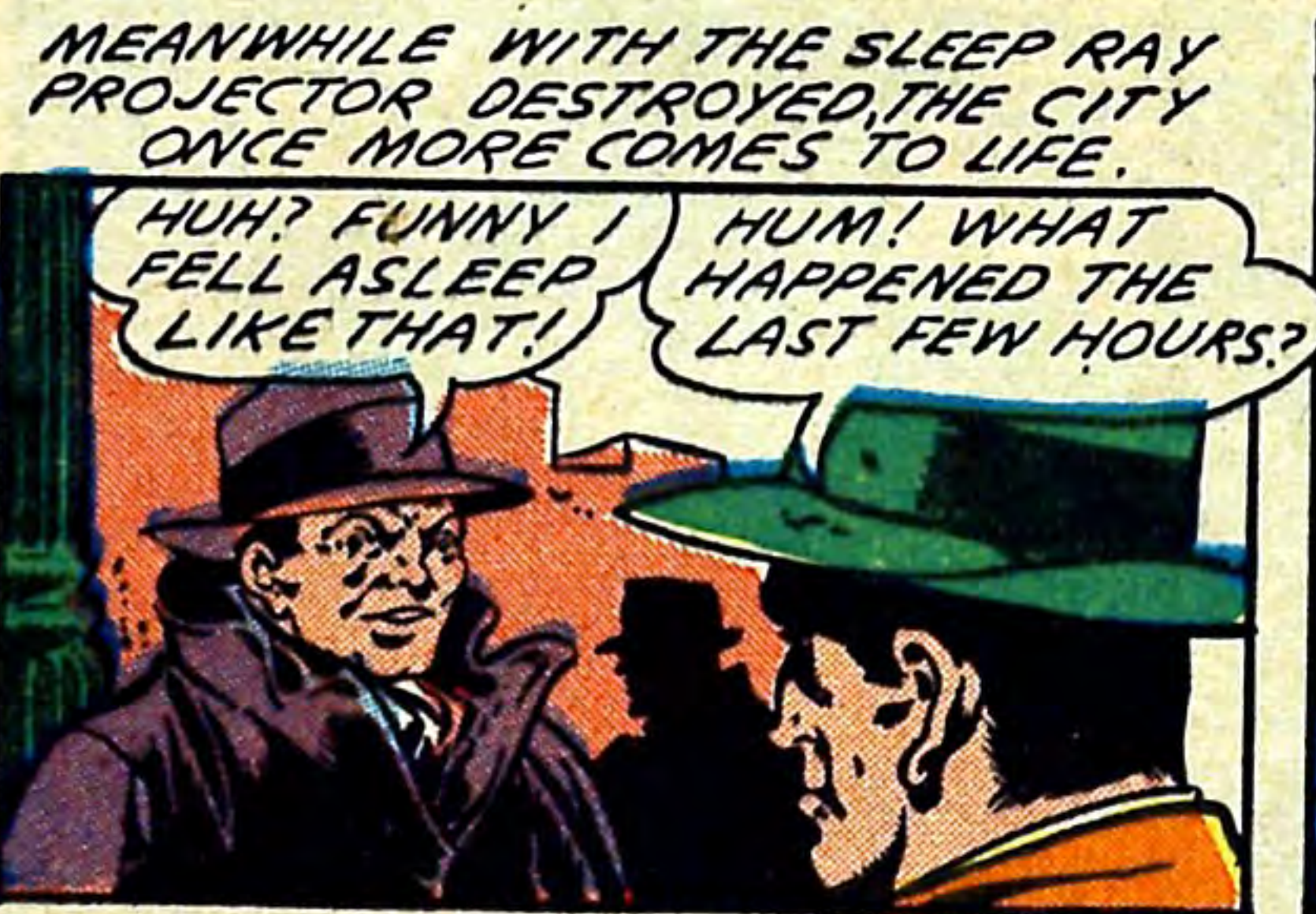


PEABODY SIMMS! YOU WERE THE SLEEP KING ALL THE TIME!

YES, BLAST YOU! I SAW YOU MIGHT STOP MY MEN SO I CAME TO YOU AND LED YOU HERE INTO THAT TRAP! IF YOU HADN'T ESCAPED!



YES, BUT I DID ESCAPE! AND NOW YOU HAVE A DATE WITH A JUDGE!



MEANWHILE WITH THE SLEEP RAY PROJECTOR DESTROYED, THE CITY ONCE MORE COMES TO LIFE.

HUH? FUNNY I FELL ASLEEP LIKE THAT!

HUM! WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST FEW HOURS?



HERE'S YOUR CULPRIT! LIKE RIP VAN WINKLE HE'LL BE OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR TWENTY YEARS OR MORE-- IN JAIL!



# THE NIGHT HAWK

"Oh," yawned Jane, as she stared at the planes that lined the airfield of the Curry Airplane Company. "Dad," she asked, "how much longer must we stay here?"

"Another hour," replied her father. "The British officials will soon arrive to take the planes."

Suddenly Jane laughed, "Dad," she said, "will you do me a favor?"

"Sure," he replied.

Jane gulped, and then a silly grin gathered in the corner of her lips, "Let me write good luck on the motors of the planes?"

"Alright," laughed her father.

Jane, her father and Jack Filan, in reality the Nighthawk, the most feared enemy of crime, walked over to the plane.

Jack watched Jane as she began to write on the hoods of the motors. Suddenly he chuckled to himself, "What a silly kid. SHE'S USING LIPSTICK!"

As Jane was busy writing, other hands were working near the northgate. A heavy club crashed down on the watchman's head, and a silent band of men entered the airfield. Silently they made their way to the hangar nearest the plane.

"What the!" exclaimed the Green Skull, leader of the intruders, as he saw Jane writing on the planes. "We got to work fast! The Nazis are waiting for these planes."

"Okay baby," he yelled, "school is closed. Put down that pencil."

Jack turned and saw the Green Skull and his gang. One of the thugs tried to hit him with a club, but Jack ducked and sent a terrific blow to the gangster's jaw sending him spinning into the others.

For a moment, Jack's sudden attack startled the thugs, and in that second Jack swiftly raced past them. "Don't worry Jane," he yelled, "I'm going for the police."

Jack dashed into a hangar, and quickly changed into his Nighthawk uniform.

As the thugs were about to board the planes and take off, there, in front of them stood a husky, masked figure.

"It's Nighthawk!" yelled the Green Skull. "Get him!"

Instantly Nighthawk charged into the gangsters sending a steady stream of blows into them. When suddenly, a heavy club crashed on his head.

It was about an hour later, that Jack came to. The planes and all were gone. "They've kidnapped Jane," he cried. "I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!" Jack was worried. It was almost impossible to decide which way the thieves had gone, when suddenly he spied small red spots on the concrete runway. More and more of them, all heading north.

He began to run in that direction. Every once in a while he stopped on a concrete roadway, saw what he wanted on the roadway and raced on.

Suddenly Nighthawk stopped. Below him was a valley. He looked carefully and saw a well camouflaged hangar in the valley. Slowly, he crept toward it.

Inside the hangar stood the planes. Near them a Nazi officer was talking to Jane and her father. "Mr. Curry, you and your daughter will soon leave for Germany where you will manufacture planes. Refuse, and your daughter dies!" The commander turned to the only orderly in the hangar and said, "Get the flyers!"

The orderly walked out and made his way toward a cave nearby. As he entered, Nighthawk slipped up to the entrance and looked inside. "What luck," he exclaimed, "the whole Nazi gang is here." Quickly he looked around and saw a huge boulder. He rolled it over to the entrance of the cave and sealed the Nazis inside.

Nighthawk turned and raced to the hangar. A well aimed blow easily took care of the commander.

As soon as Jane could catch her breath, she asked, "How were you able to follow us?"

"Well," grinned Nighthawk, "when you wrote Good Luck you used lipstick. When the planes took off, the motor got hot and slowly melted the lipstick which left a trail for me to follow."

"Well, I must go after the Green Skull," and with that he raced into the woods.

THE END





VACATIONING WITH THE ECHO ARE HIS BROTHER, DR. DOOM AND HIS SISTER, CORA.

IN THIS MAINE COASTAL TOWN, NO ONE'LL EVER FIND US. WE'LL HAVE A REAL VACATION.

OOPS! THERE'S THE PHONE!

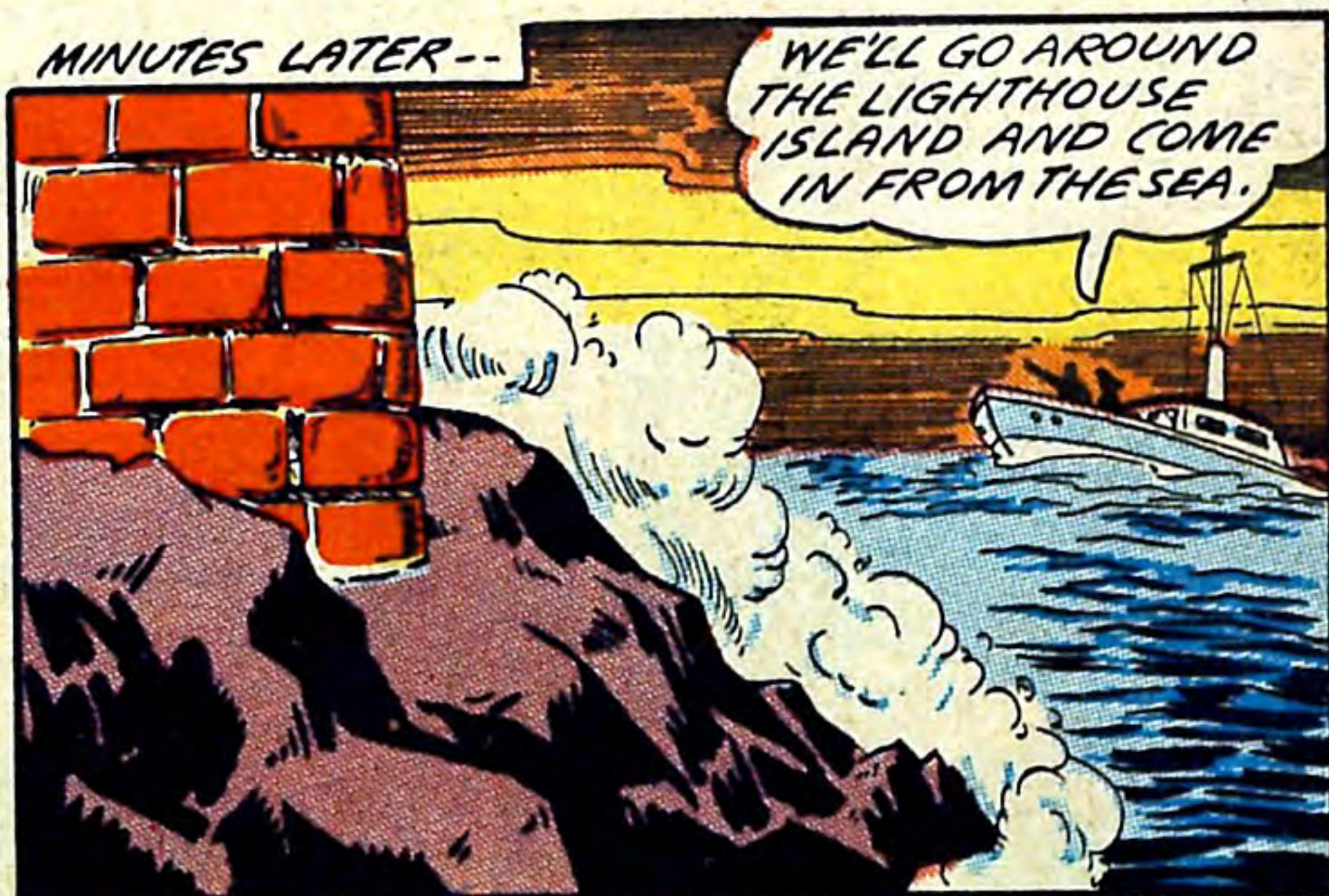


I HOPE THIS ISN'T TROUBLE.

YES-DR. DOOM'S HERE. A SAILOR? BADLY INJURED AND OUT OF HIS HEAD--WE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!



















I MUST BE  
CRAZY  
HEARING  
VOICES. UH,  
FULL STEAM  
ASTERN!



HE STOPPED THE BOAT!  
NOW YOU'LL PAY.. YOU'LL  
WISH YOU'D NEVER  
LEFT SHORE! STUMPY,  
TAKE THEM TO THE  
TOWER!



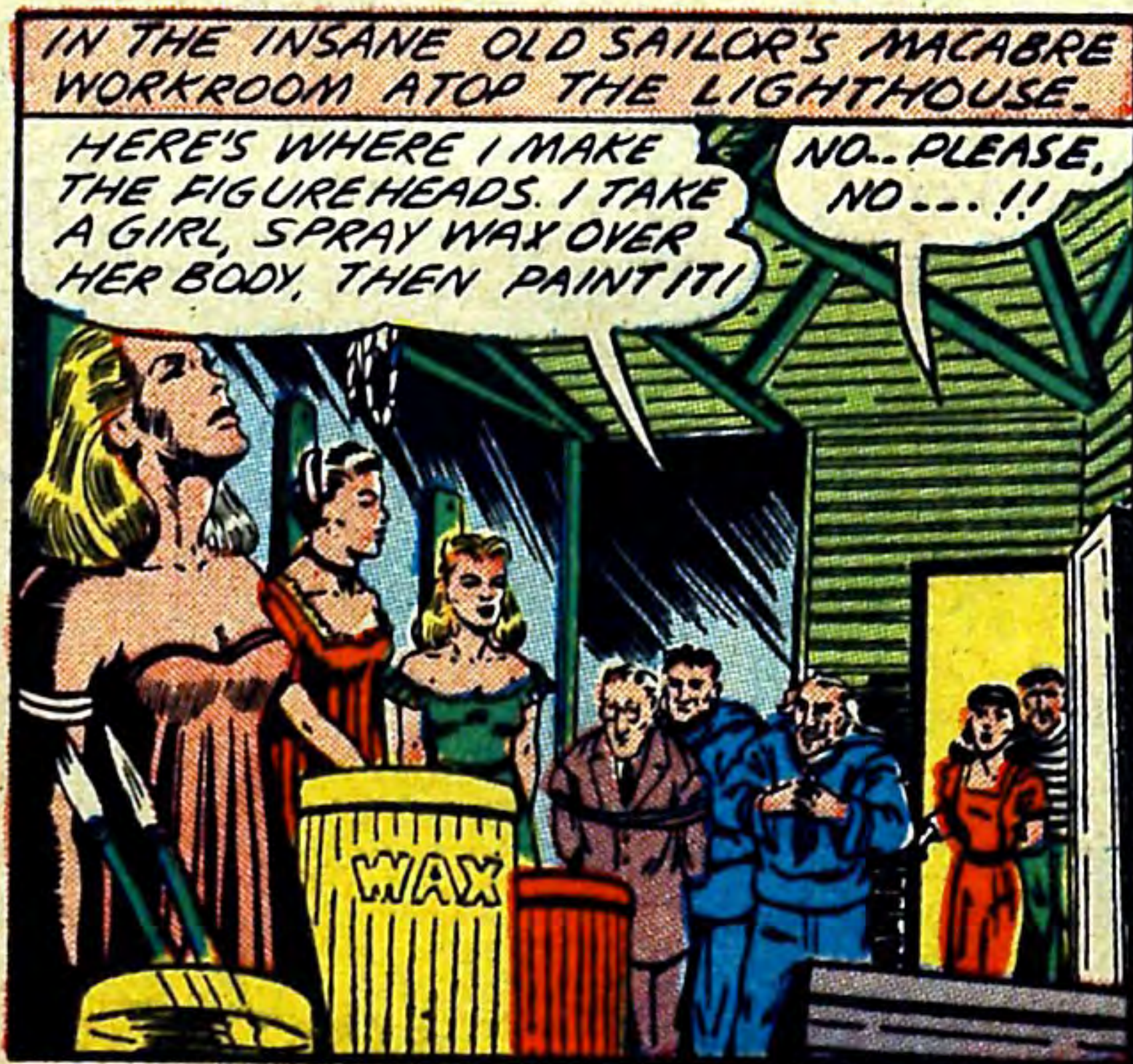
MASTER..  
HE'S BACK!  
HE'S BACK!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH  
TROUBLE FROM  
YOU! ---



GOOD! NOW MAYBE  
HE'LL STAY PUT. TAKE  
'EM TO THE TOWER!  
AIN'T WASTIN' NO  
MORE TIME.



IN THE INSANE OLD SAILOR'S MACABRE  
WORKROOM ATOP THE LIGHTHOUSE..

HERE'S WHERE I MAKE  
THE FIGUREHEADS. I TAKE  
A GIRL, SPRAY WAX OVER  
HER BODY, THEN PAINT IT!

NO.. PLEASE,  
NO... !!



COME ON  
MY PRETTY  
ONE!



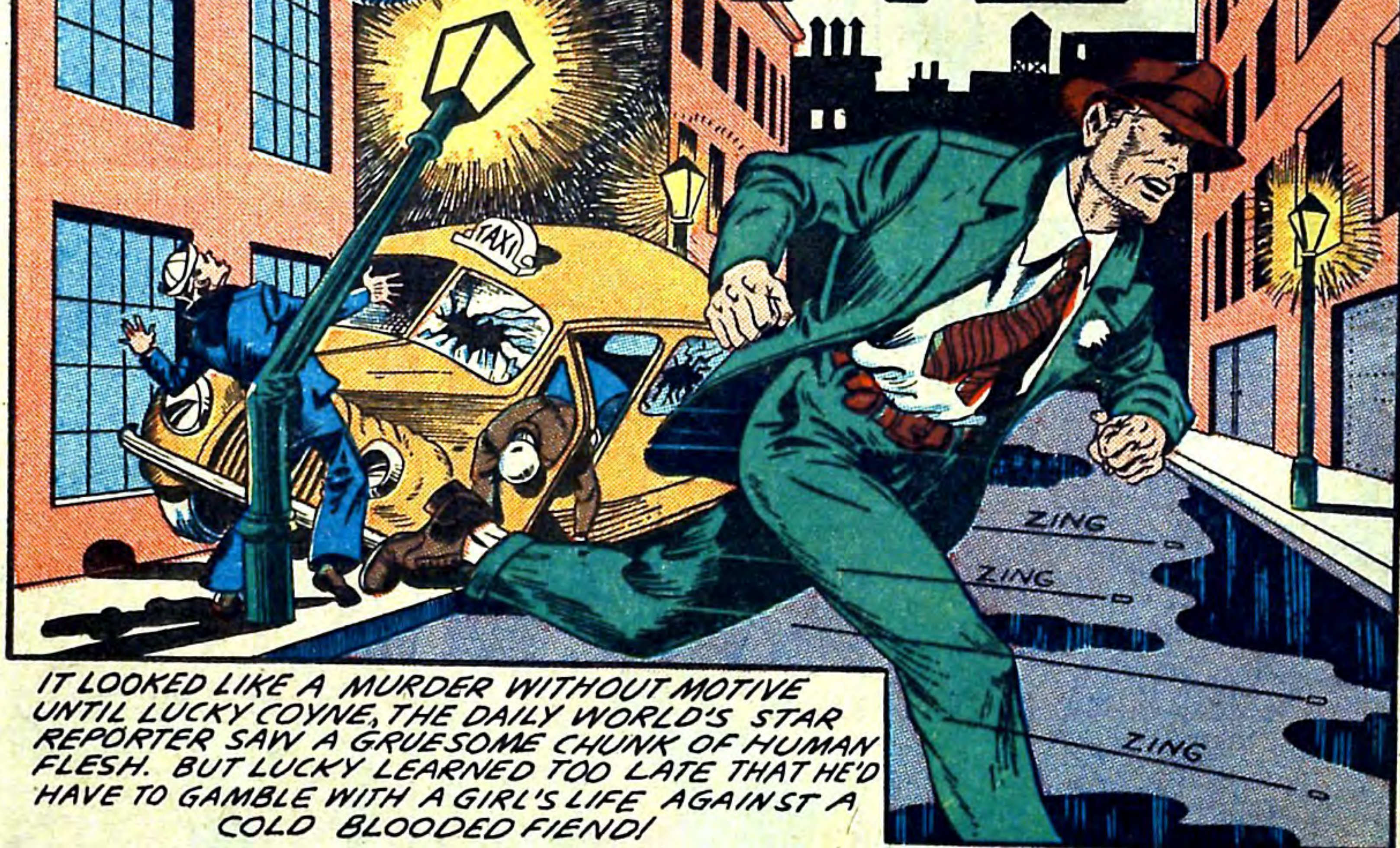


TERRIFIED BY THE VOICES OLD JOHN PLUNGES TO HIS DEATH.



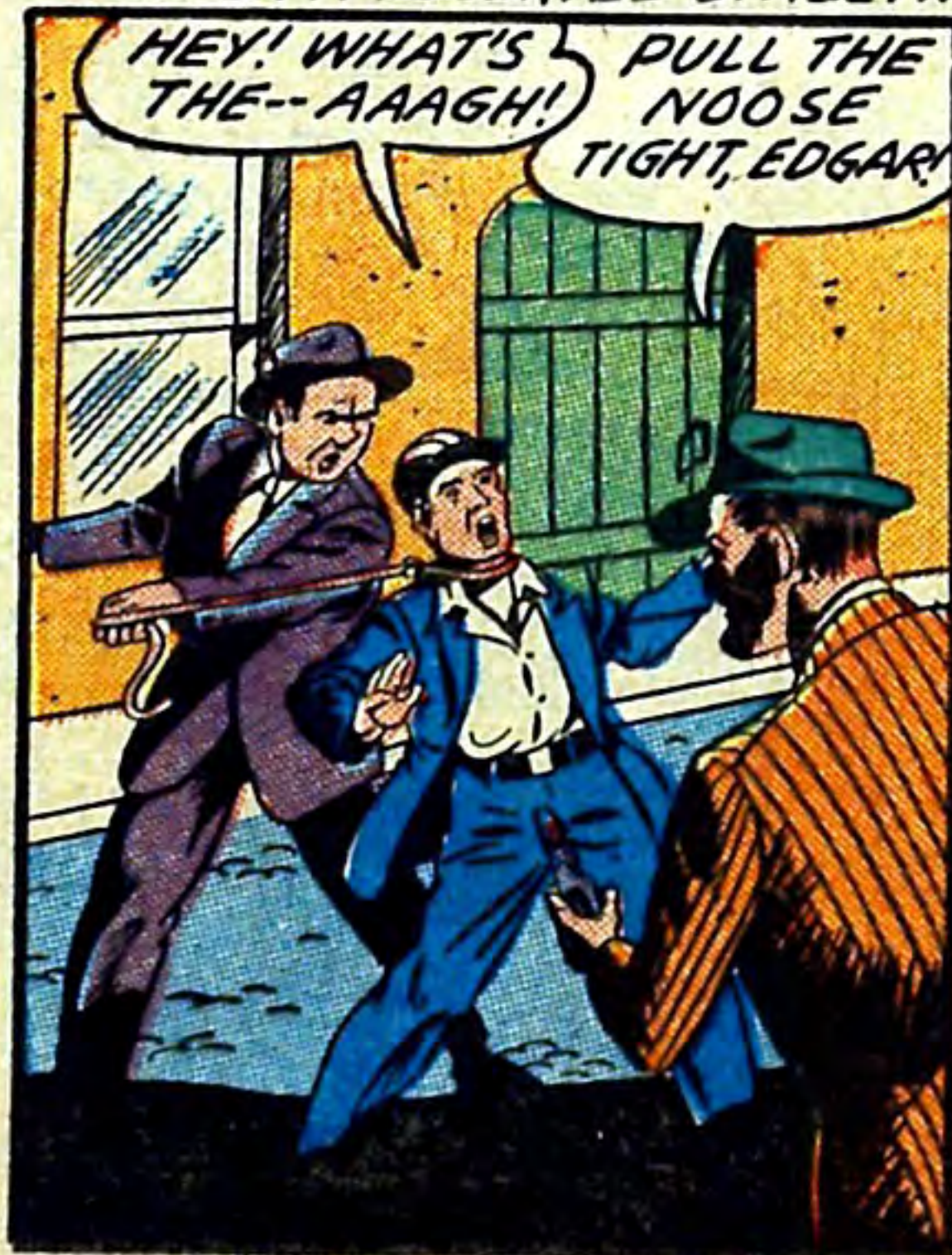


# LUCKY COYNE



IT LOOKED LIKE A MURDER WITHOUT MOTIVE UNTIL LUCKY COYNE, THE DAILY WORLD'S STAR REPORTER SAW A GRUESOME CHUNK OF HUMAN FLESH. BUT LUCKY LEARNED TOO LATE THAT HE'D HAVE TO GAMBLE WITH A GIRL'S LIFE AGAINST A COLD BLOODED FIEND!

2 A.M. ON A DESERTED STREET..



HEY! WHAT'S THE-- AAAGH!

PULL THE NOOSE TIGHT, EDGAR!

THOSE HOODLUMS-- THEY'RE ATTACKING BILL! ROBBING HIM-- NO, THEY'RE TAKING HIM AWAY!



MAKE IT SNAPPY, EDGAR. A WOMAN THERE SAW US. I'LL PICK HER OFF!

YOU'D BETTER! IT'S THE CHAIR IF WE'RE CAUGHT!







TWO MEN IN A BIG SEDAN- YES! STRANGLING BILL HARMON MY BROTHER AT 607 BAYSIDE.



TEN MINUTES LATER---  
RADIOCARS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THAT SLIGHTEST SEDAN, MISS HARMON. BILL ANY IDEA WHO THE MEN WERE? DIDN'T HAVE AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD!



LUCKY COYNE IS ON THE SPOT, COVERING THE STORY..  
NO ENEMIES? YOU FRESH WHO STRANGLERED HIM THEN? OUGHT TO BE LOCKED UP.



RETURNING TO HIS OFFICE..  
WHAT'S COOKING, KITTY. A GUY NEWS HOUND? SOMETHING BIG?  
I DUNNO YET, WHOM EVERYONE LIKES GOT HIMSELF TOO WELL LIKED BY A PAIR OF STRANGLERS.



AND THE COPS ARE STYMIED. HEADS YOU FOLLOW UP THE CASE, TERRY, WHILE I PLAY GIN RUMMY WITH GORGEOUS.



HEADS! THE STORY'S ALL YOURS, TERRY. OKAY, FINE! MAYBE I'LL SCOOP SOMETHING BIG!



NOTHING BREAKS TILL A WEEK LATER..

WONDER WHAT THE CORONER'S GOT THAT'LL INTEREST ME?

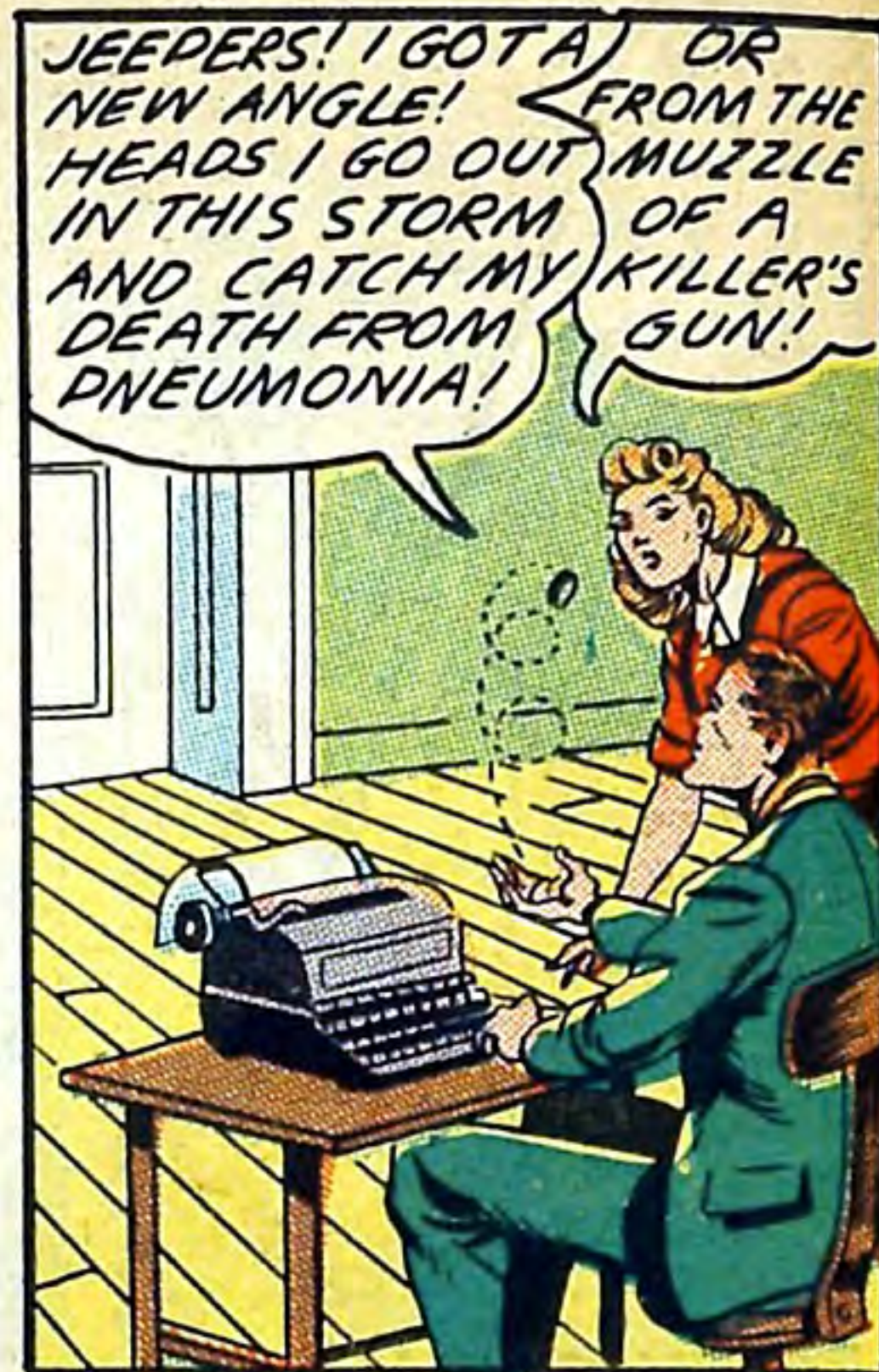


UGH! WHERE'D THAT COME FROM, DOC?  
THE BEACH. FROM SCIENTIFIC MEASUREMENTS IT COULD BE THE LEG OF BILL HARMON.

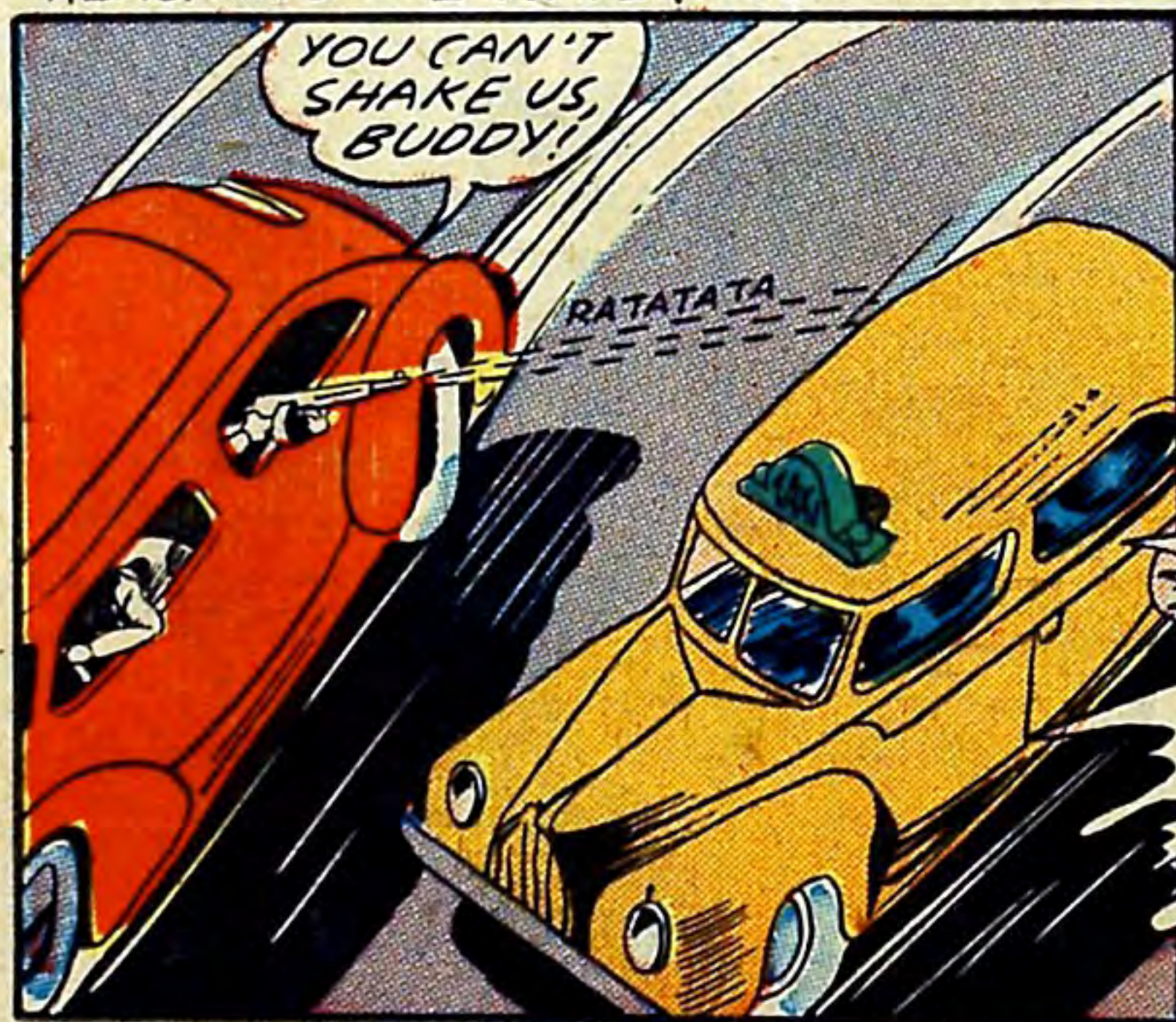


THE KILLER STRANGLERED HARMON, THEN CUT HIM UP? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!  
NEITHER DO THE POLICE, SO I CALLED YOU IN.





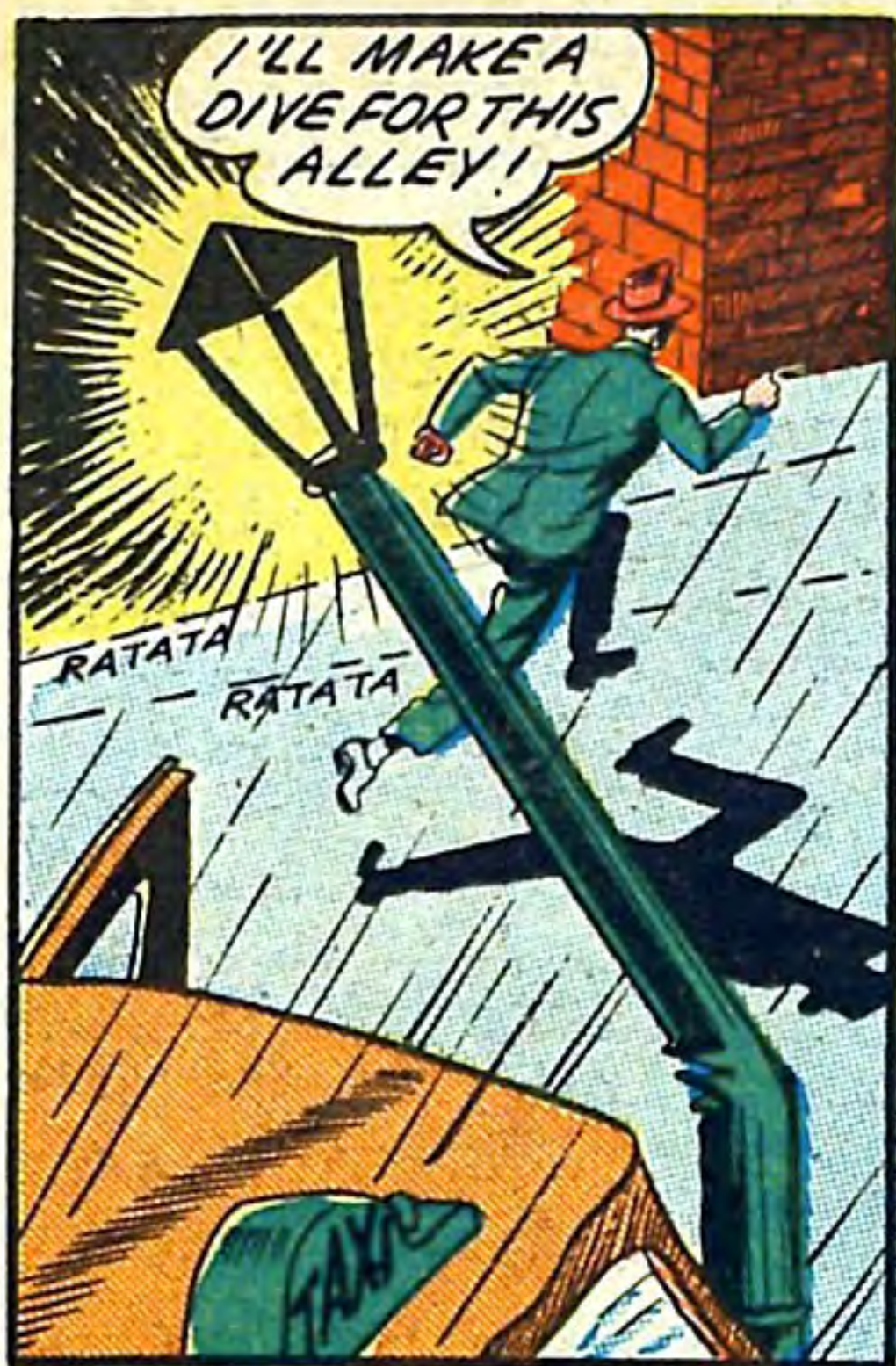
REACHING THE WATERFRONT...



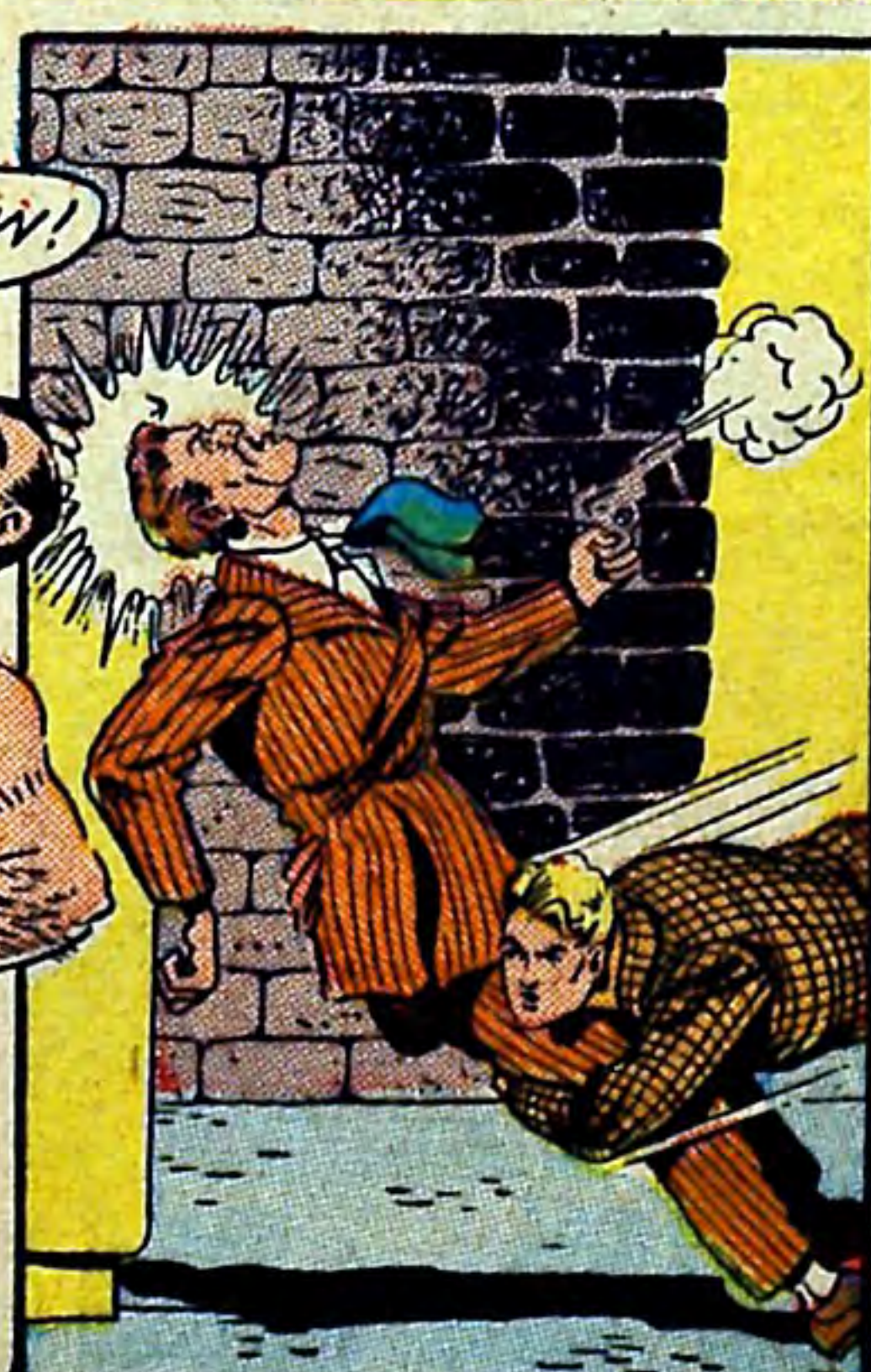
DEATH CLAIMS AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER















KITTY-WAKE UP! SPEAK TO ME!

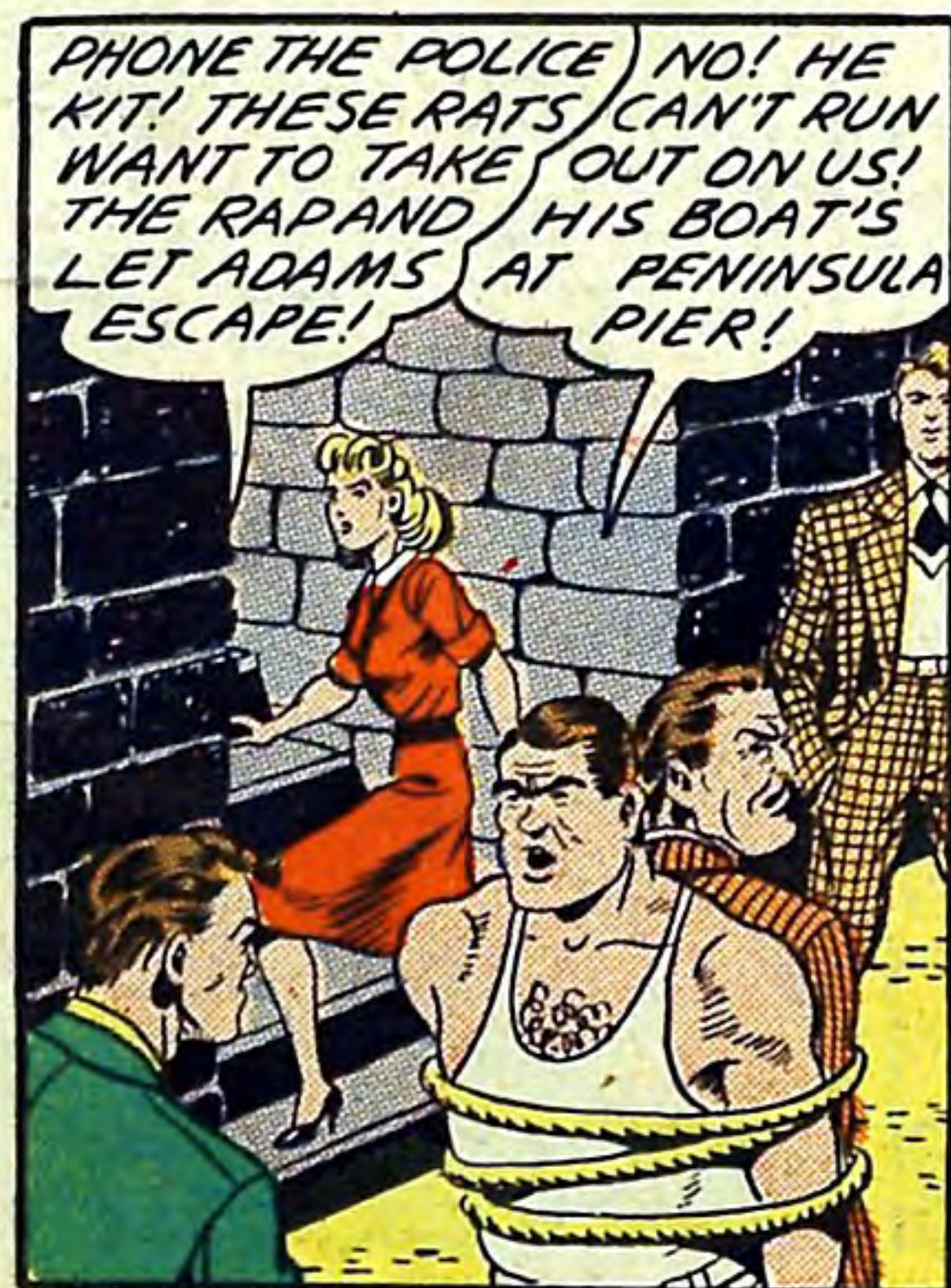
I-I MUST HAVE FAINTED. OH-LUCKY-YOU'RE TOPS!



HOLY SMOKE! THIS FREEZER CABINET IS FULL OF DISMEMBERED BODIES. THEY'RE RUNNING A BLACK MARKET IN HUMAN FLESH!



HORRIBLE BEYOND BELIEF! BUT YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT CANNIBALISM. HELP ME TIE UP THOSE GHOULS AND WE'LL TRACK DOWN ADAMS FOR THE ANSWER TO THIS RIDDLE.



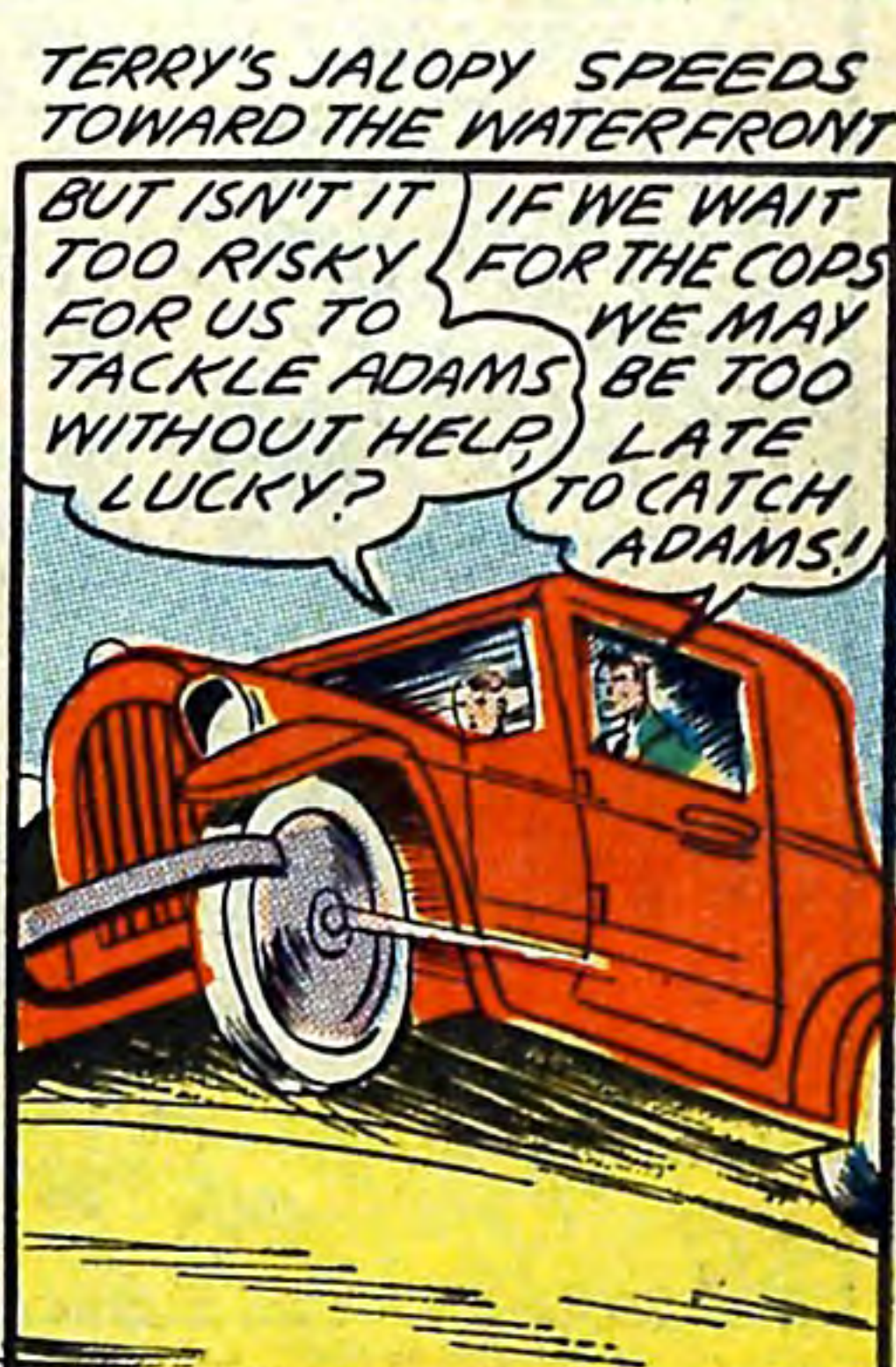
PHONE THE POLICE! NO! HE KIT! THESE RATS CAN'T RUN WANT TO TAKE OUT ON US! THE RAPAND HIS BOAT'S LET ADAMS AT PENINSULA ESCAPE!

NO! HE KIT! THESE RATS CAN'T RUN WANT TO TAKE OUT ON US! THE RAPAND HIS BOAT'S LET ADAMS AT PENINSULA ESCAPE!



THAT'S ALL WE WANTED TO KNOW! C'MON TERRY!

WHY YOU DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSIN' RAT!



TERRY'S JALOPY SPEEDS TOWARD THE WATERFRONT BUT ISN'T IT IF WE WAIT TOO RISKY FOR THE COPS FOR US TO TACKLE ADAMS WITHOUT HELP, LUCKY? WE MAY BE TOO LATE TO CATCH ADAMS!



IF WE'RE NOT BACK IN FIVE MINUTES, GET OUTTA HERE FAST, KITTY!

PIPE DOWN, TERRY! AND KEEP IN THE SHADOWS!



THAT YOU, EDGAR? YOU BRING ALONG THE GUY WITH THE ONE WAY TICKET?



IN PERSON! EDGAR SENDS HIS REGRETS!





HOLD HIM, BOSS! I'LL RIP HIM OPEN FROM STEM TO STERN!



ROLL ASIDE QUICK, LUCKY! DROP THAT, YOU!



SWELL, YOU'LL SAVE THE STATE A LOT OF DOUGH!

HELP! GRAB ME- I CAN'T SWIM!

TAR



NICE GOIN'! THAT'LL KEEP HIM COLD!

FIND SOME ROPE! WE'LL SECURE HIM BEFORE WE EXAMINE THE BOAT!

BANG

BANG

LEAVING ADAMS TRUSSED UP THE NEWSMEN SEARCH THE CRAFT.

NOW I GET IT! YOU'D BE THEY BAITED SURPRISED. THEIR HOOKS SEE HOW WITH HUMAN THEIR FLESH TO CATCH BELLIES SHARKS! BUT ARE RIPPED OPEN! SHARKS ARE NOT WORTH-



NOTHING'S BEEN REMOVED BUT THE LIVER. THE LIVERS ARE ALMOST AS PRECIOUS AS GOLD TODAY DUE TO THE HIGH VITAMIN POTENCY OF THEIR OIL!

NO WONDER ADAMS DARED TO MURDER FOR BAIT!



THEY'VE GOT THE GOODS ON ME. THERE'S A SLIM CHANCE I CAN FLOAT AND WRIGGLE FREE.



ADAMS BEAT THE RAP THE HARD WAY!

IT'S KITTY.. UP THERE WITH A COP!

TARPO

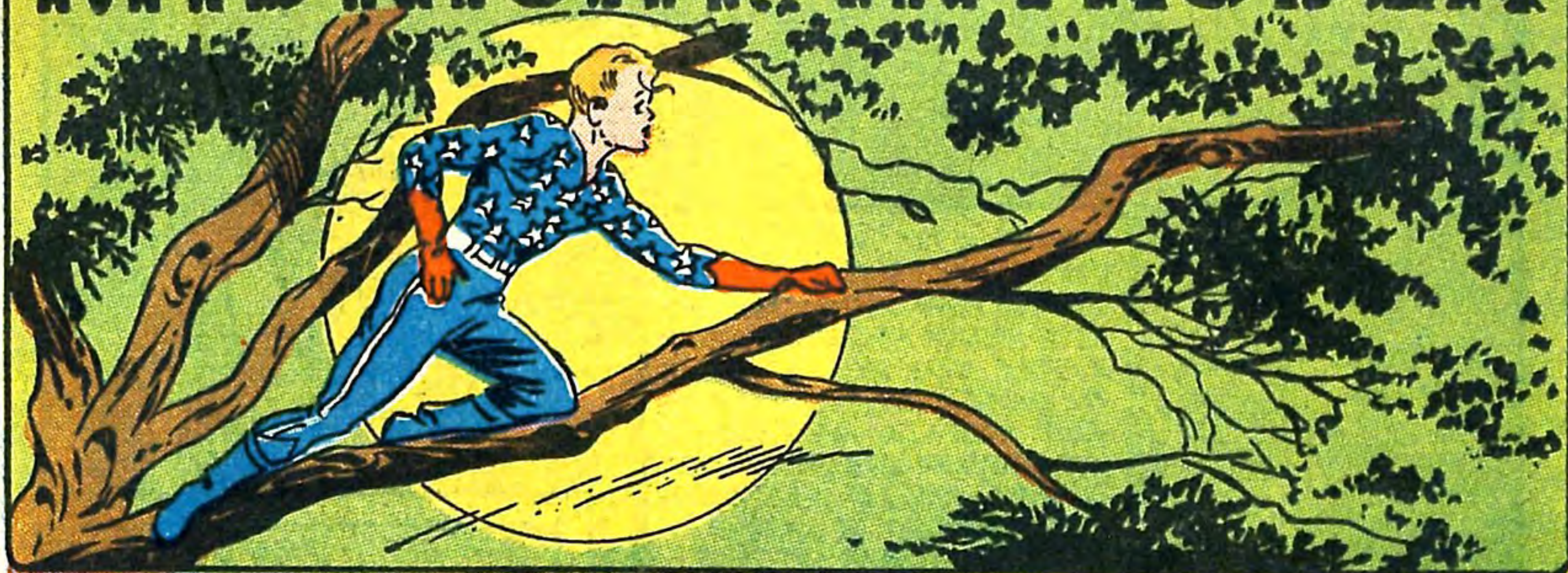


TELL THIS FLATFOOT WHAT HAPPENED. HE PINCHED ME FOR PARKING WITHOUT THE LIGHTS!

THERE'S A TEN BUCK FINE FOR THAT. BUT I THINK THE JUDGE WILL LET YOU OFF EASY. WE'VE CRACKED THIS CASE WIDE OPEN!



# MIDNIGHT INTRUDER



"Hey, Bobby," shouted young Phil Martin at Bobby Finan, "Why weren't you in school today? Your Mother sick?"

There were tears in Bobby's eyes as he faced Phil. "Nothing is the matter," he blurted out and started to leave.

Phil grabbed him. "We're pals, Bobby," he said curtly. "Speak!"

"If I only knew where Yankeeboy lived—he'd help me!" Bobby sobbed, little suspecting that the boy before him was that famous young American.

"Perhaps, if you tell me the trouble, I might be able to get in touch with him," Phil said sharply.

Bobby's face brightened. He knew Phil, on many occasions, had served as a contact man for Yankeeboy. "My father's an auditor at the National Bank," the youth began slowly. "Last night he said he had to work late and didn't come home at all. Mr. Gray, the president, and a policeman came to the house early this morning, looking for father. Mr. Gray said there was a lot of money missing and it looked as though my father had run away with it." Bobby tensed, as he added, "My daddy wouldn't steal money and leave mother and me!"

"I believe you, Bobby," Phil broke in. "Now, go on home and take care of your mother. I'll try to let Yankeeboy know about this, somehow!"

... That night, while the house-

hold slept, Phil Martin removed his red, white and blue Yankeeboy uniform from a loose floor board, in his room. Dressed, he slipped out the window and down the water spout to the street below.

"The criminals usually return to the scene of their crime, so I'll try it anyway." Yankeeboy muttered aloud, as he made his way to the National Bank. He glanced up and down the street. It was dark and deserted. A tree stood outside the bank. Quickly, he concealed himself in its foliage.

... Hours rolled by, when a car drew up under Yankeeboy's perch. Two men got out. Yankeeboy recognized one as Mr. Gray, the bank president, the other was a total stranger.

Mr. Gray spoke quietly, but loud enough for Yankeeboy to hear. "Finan found the shortages so I stalled him and made him come back at night. When we were alone, I hit him over the head and locked him in a vault. We must get rid of him, now!"

"That will be easy," the stranger said. "A stone tied to his neck and a drop from the bridge will take care of him. The money he is supposed to have taken, like the other funds you supplied us with, will be used to purchase defense information. Some day, when our glorious leader..."

The stranger stopped as another voice broke in, "...who will never set foot in any part of this country!"

And with that, Yankeeboy dropped from the tree to the figures below. A vigorous swing of his foot and he kicked the stranger full smack in the face, sending him to the ground a bloody mess.

Yankeeboy turned to see the bank president whipping out an ugly automatic. But, before he could get it into position to aim, the lad sent a vicious right cross that knocked the gun out of Gray's hand and followed through to the pit of his stomach. The man gasped under the blow. Bam! Yankeeboy's fists pumped like powerful pistons until a crack on the chin sent the bank president crumpling to the ground.

Making sure the two would not get up for some time, Yankeeboy ran to a police call box and phoned his story to a sleepy sergeant.

The following day, newspapers gave an account of the night's proceedings, informing the public of the traitorous deeds of Mr. Gray and his companion. And that night, Bobby and his father called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

Mr. Finan shook Phil's hand and said, "I know it was through you that Yankeeboy learned of my trouble—and cleared my name."

"That Yankeeboy! Why couldn't my son be like him!" interrupted Phil's father.

"He is, Dad," Phil said to himself, smilingly, "and someday I might tell you."



# YANKEE BOY

WHAT EVIL HANDS CONTROLLED THE VILEST RACKET IN FREETOWN? WAS ROXY HANLON JUST A FALL GUY WHO LAMMED TO BEAT A MURDER RAP? THE HEALTH AND LIVES OF THOUSANDS WERE AT STAKE WHILE YANKEE BOY WAGED A LONE BATTLE AGAINST THE BLACK MARKET MOB!

GOSH, MOM- THIS MEAT TASTES AWFUL! I CAN'T EAT IT!

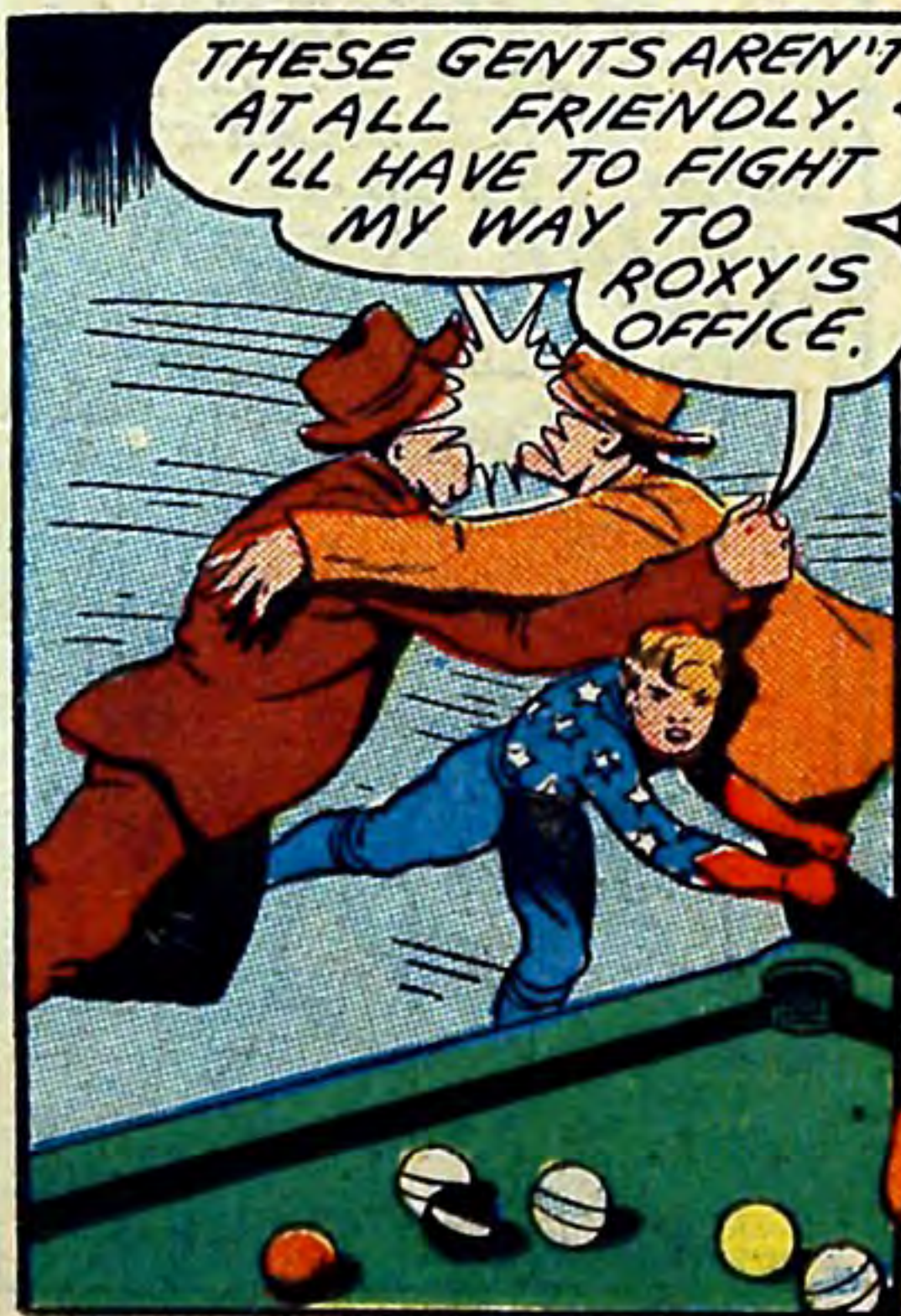


YOU BETTER EAT YOUR DINNER, VICTOR!

I'LL DRINK SOME MILK LATER. DON'T TOUCH THAT MEAT!



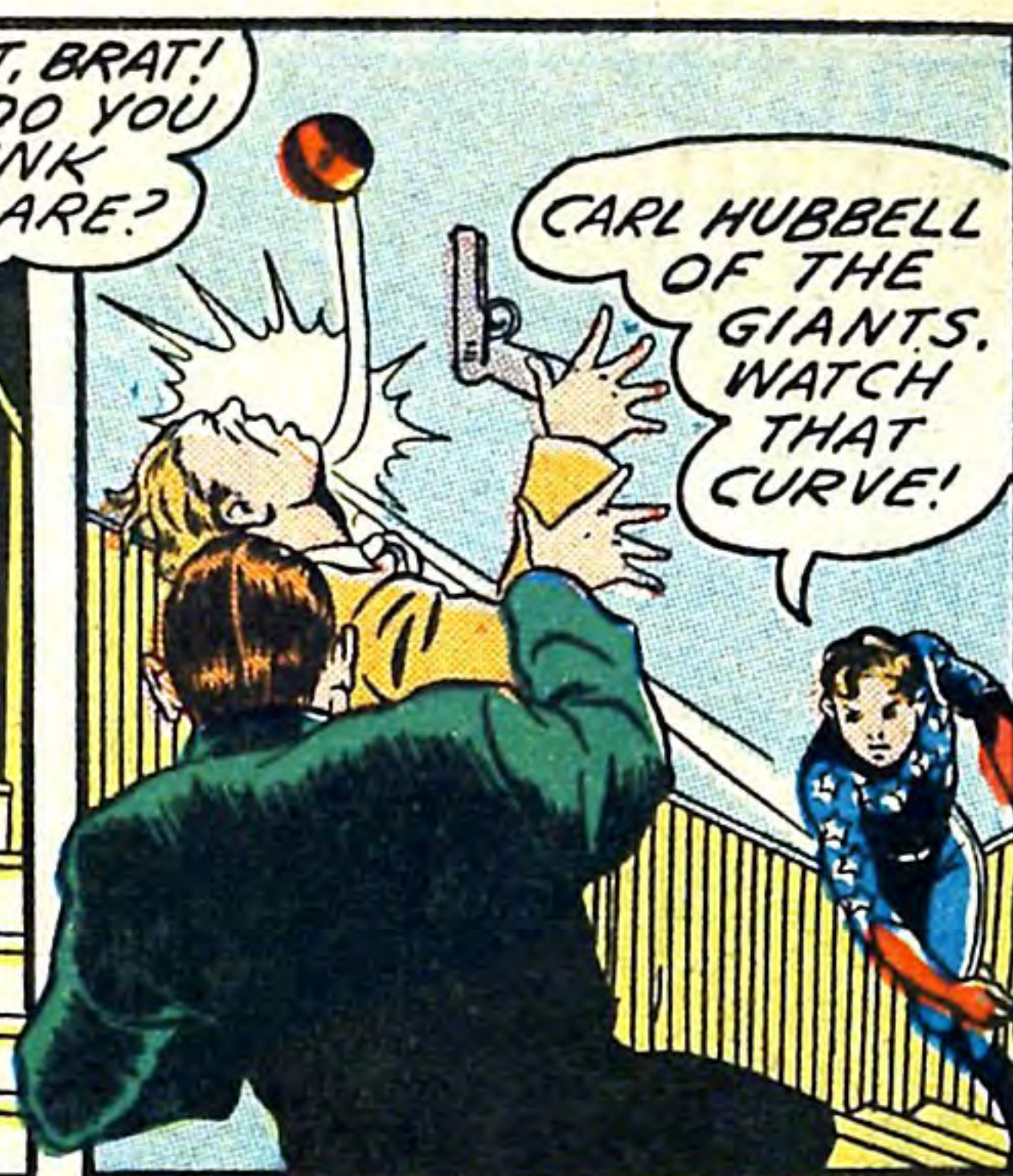








BEAT IT, BRAT!  
WHO DO YOU  
THINK  
YOU ARE?



CARL HUBBELL  
OF THE  
GIANTS.  
WATCH  
THAT  
CURVE!



STRIKE ONE -  
BUT YOU'RE  
OUT!



HEY!  
WHAT'S THE  
RACKET?

THAT'S WHAT  
I CAME TO  
FIND OUT.  
PUT UP YOUR  
HANDS!



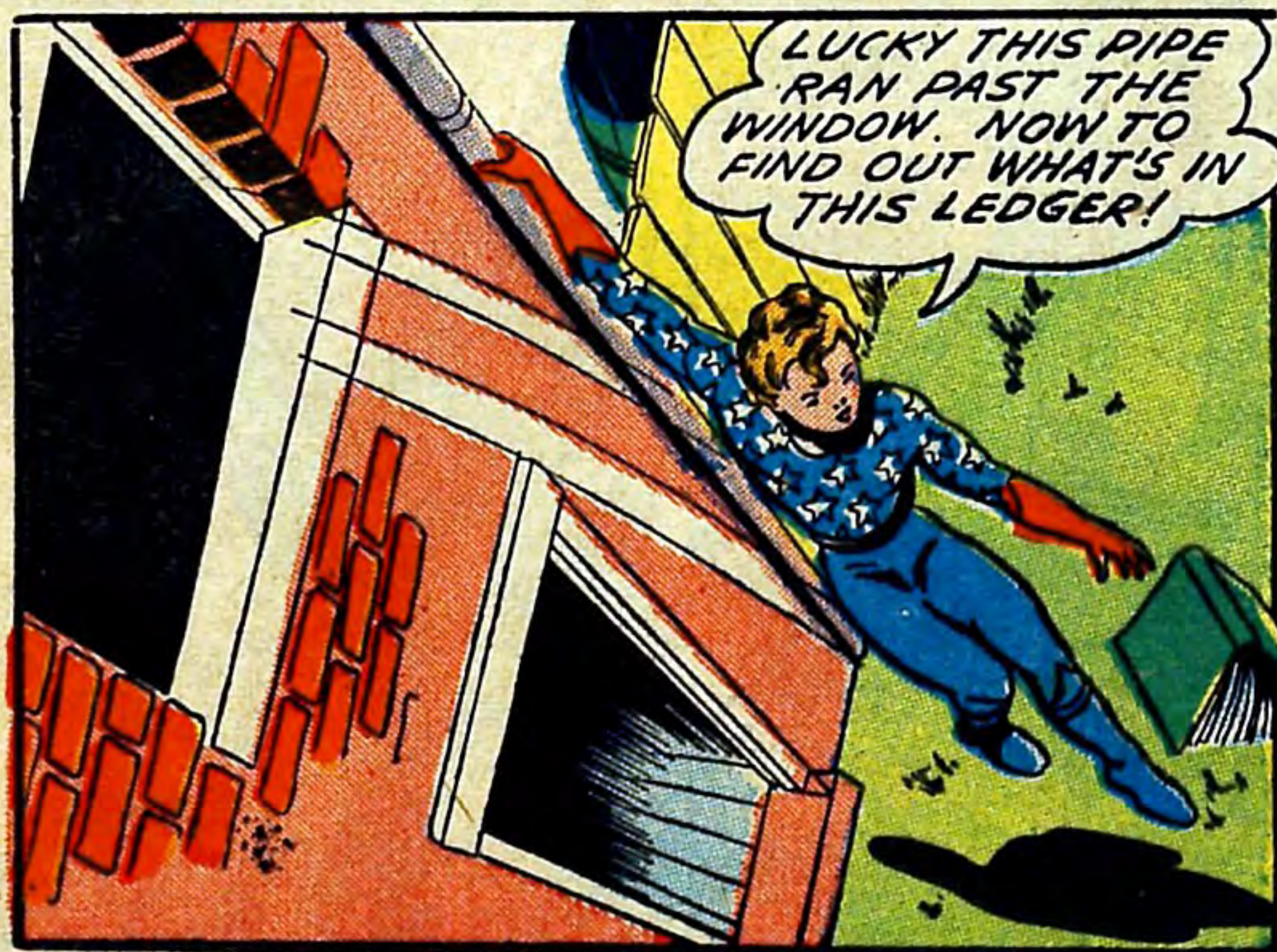
WHAT DID  
YOU DO TO  
MR. GREEN -  
THE  
BUTCHER?

NOBODY CAN  
PIN IT ON ME,  
RUNT. AND  
YOU'RE NOT  
GETTING OUT  
OF HERE ALIVE!



YOU CAN'T STOP ME,  
ROXY. THIS LEDGER  
MAY BE THE EVIDENCE  
TO CONVICT YOU!

D-DON'T  
TAKE THAT!



LUCKY THIS PIPE  
RAN PAST THE  
WINDOW. NOW TO  
FIND OUT WHAT'S IN  
THIS LEDGER!

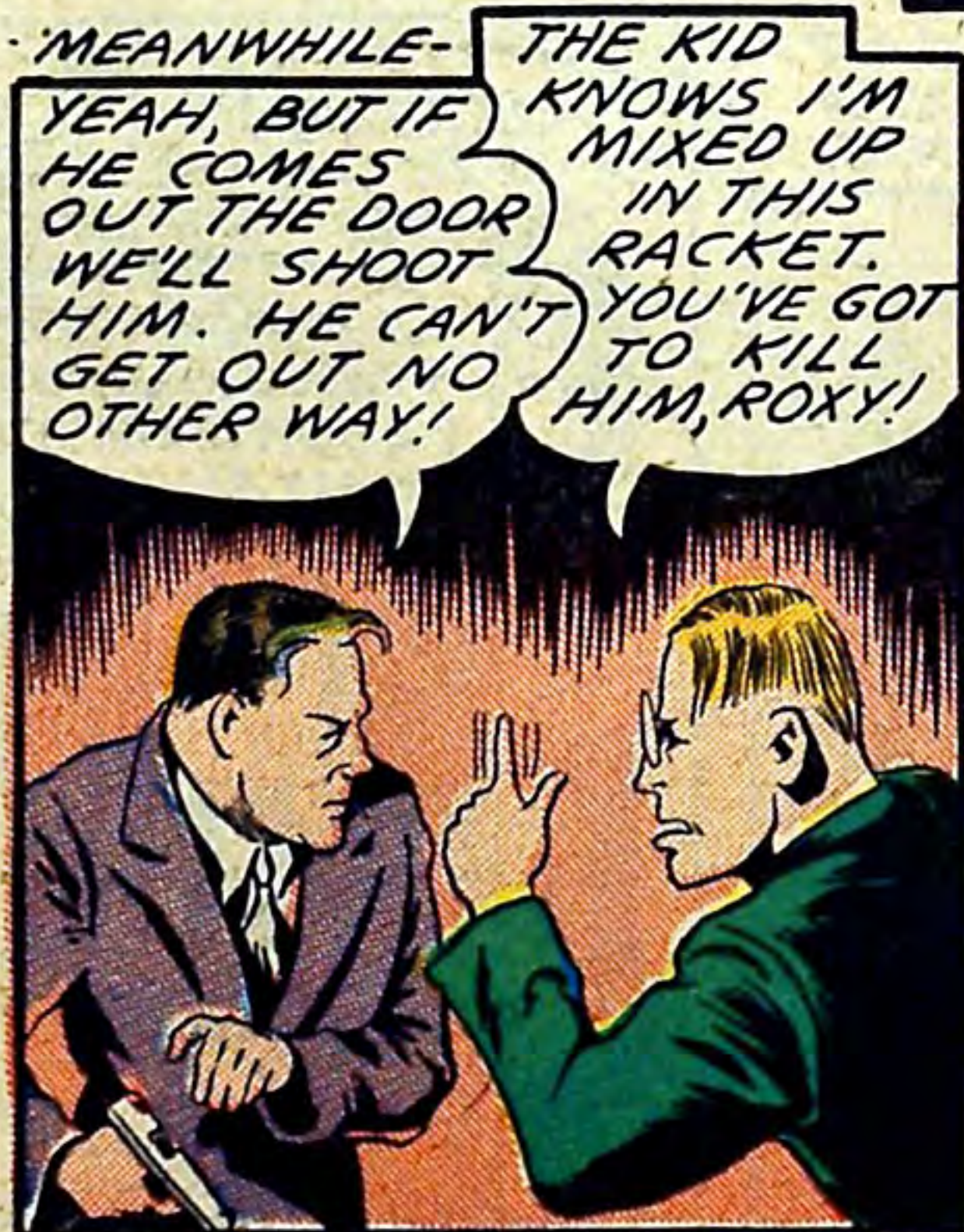


NAMES OF THE BUTCHERS  
ROXY IS FORCING TO BUY  
HIS BLACK MARKET  
MEAT. I'LL RUSH THIS  
TO THE HEALTH  
COMMISSIONER!













WHERE IS HE?  
HE COULDN'T  
HAVE GOTTEN  
THROUGH THE  
PEN ALIVE!

LOOK! HE  
DROPPED TO  
THE PIT THAT  
LEADS TO  
THE MAIN  
CELLAR!



NO WONDER THE  
BLACK MARKET  
MEAT IS TAINTED!  
THEY SLAUGHTER  
DISEASED CATTLE  
AND HAVE NO  
REFRIGERATION.



DON'T  
GET  
JITTERY,  
BOSS.  
HAVE A  
SMOKE.

NOT ONE  
OF THOSE  
POTASSIUM  
FILLED CIGARS  
YOU HAND OUT  
TO BALKY  
BUTCHERS!  
I DON'T TRUST  
YOU, ROXY!



SO THAT'S HOW  
HE DID IT!  
NOW IF I CAN  
OPEN THIS  
GATE BEFORE  
THE MUGS  
COME  
BACK.



OH! CAN'T  
RAISE IT!

STOP HIM!  
IF HE LETS  
THOSE  
STEERS  
LOOSE-



WHEW-THAT  
WAS CLOSE!



BUT MY  
SHOT WON'T  
MISS!

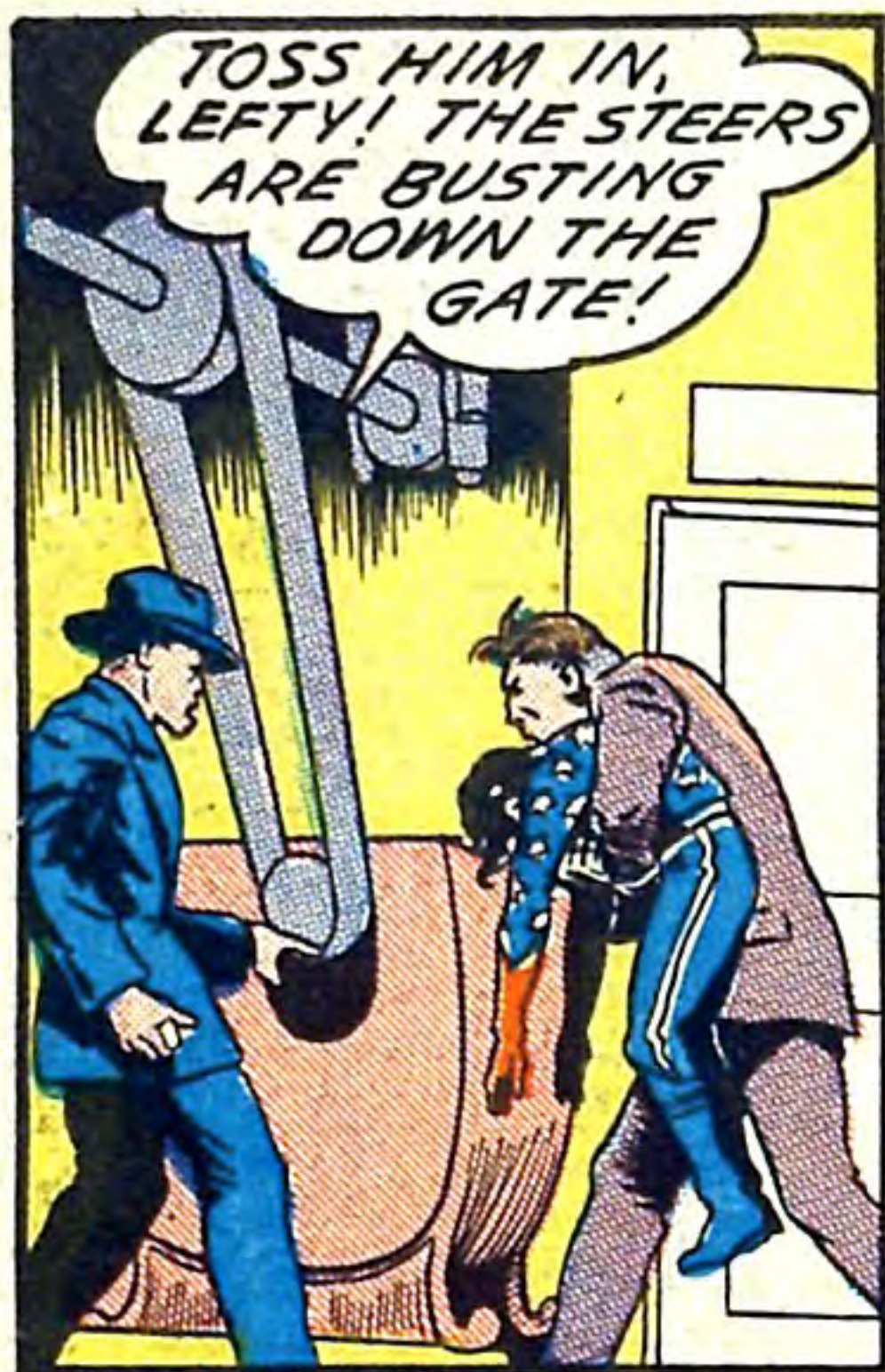


SO YOU'RE THE  
BOSS OF THIS  
RACKET, HEALTH  
COMMISSIONER  
GRADY!



NICE WORK,  
LEFTY!  
DUMP HIM  
IN THE BONE  
CRUSHER!





TOSS HIM IN,  
LEFTY! THE STEERS  
ARE BUSTING  
DOWN THE  
GATE!



YOU THOUGHT I  
WAS OUT COLD.  
THAT'S A  
HOT ONE!



NOW FOR A  
LITTLE RODEO  
STUFF!



TOUGH LUCK,  
ROXY! YOU RODE  
FOR A FALL ON  
THE BULL  
MARKET!



YOU'RE HEADING  
FOR THE LAST  
ROUNDUP,  
COMMISSIONER.



THERE'S  
YOUR MAN!  
BUT HOW'D  
YOU HAPPEN  
TO---

HEY,  
WHAT TH'?

SOMEBODY  
REPORTED  
A GUN BATTLE.  
BUT WHAT'S  
THE HEALTH  
COMMISSIONER  
DOING?

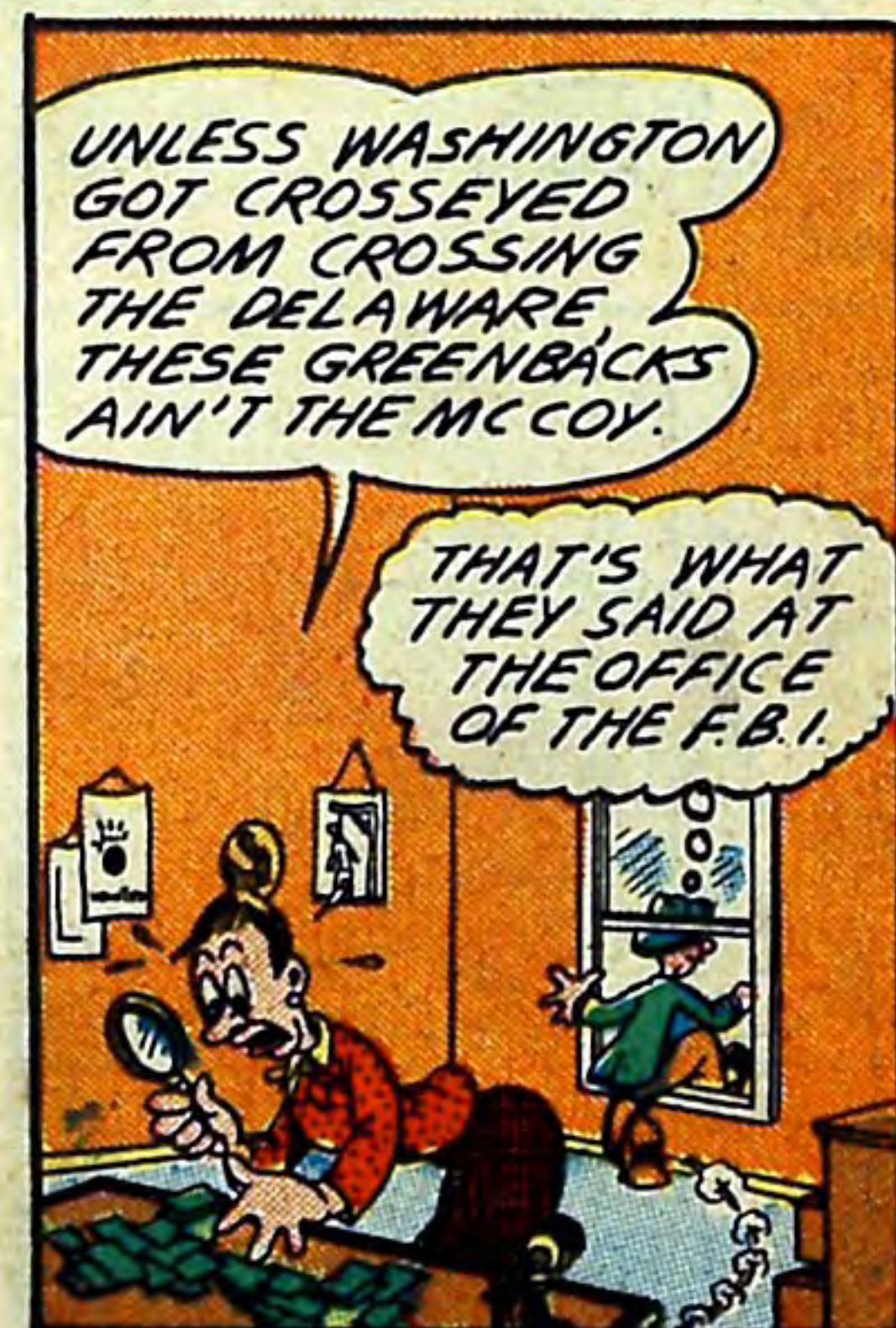
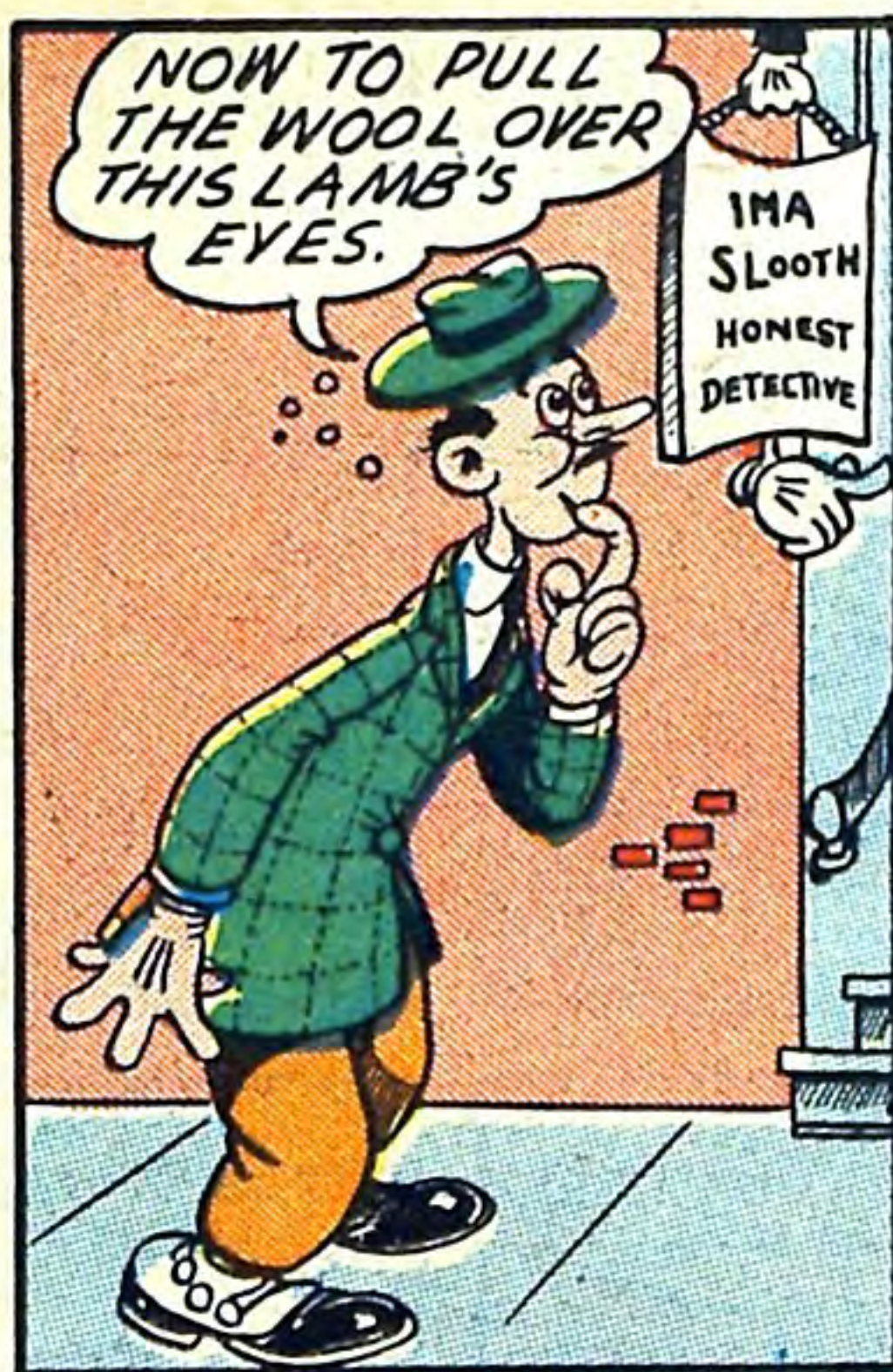
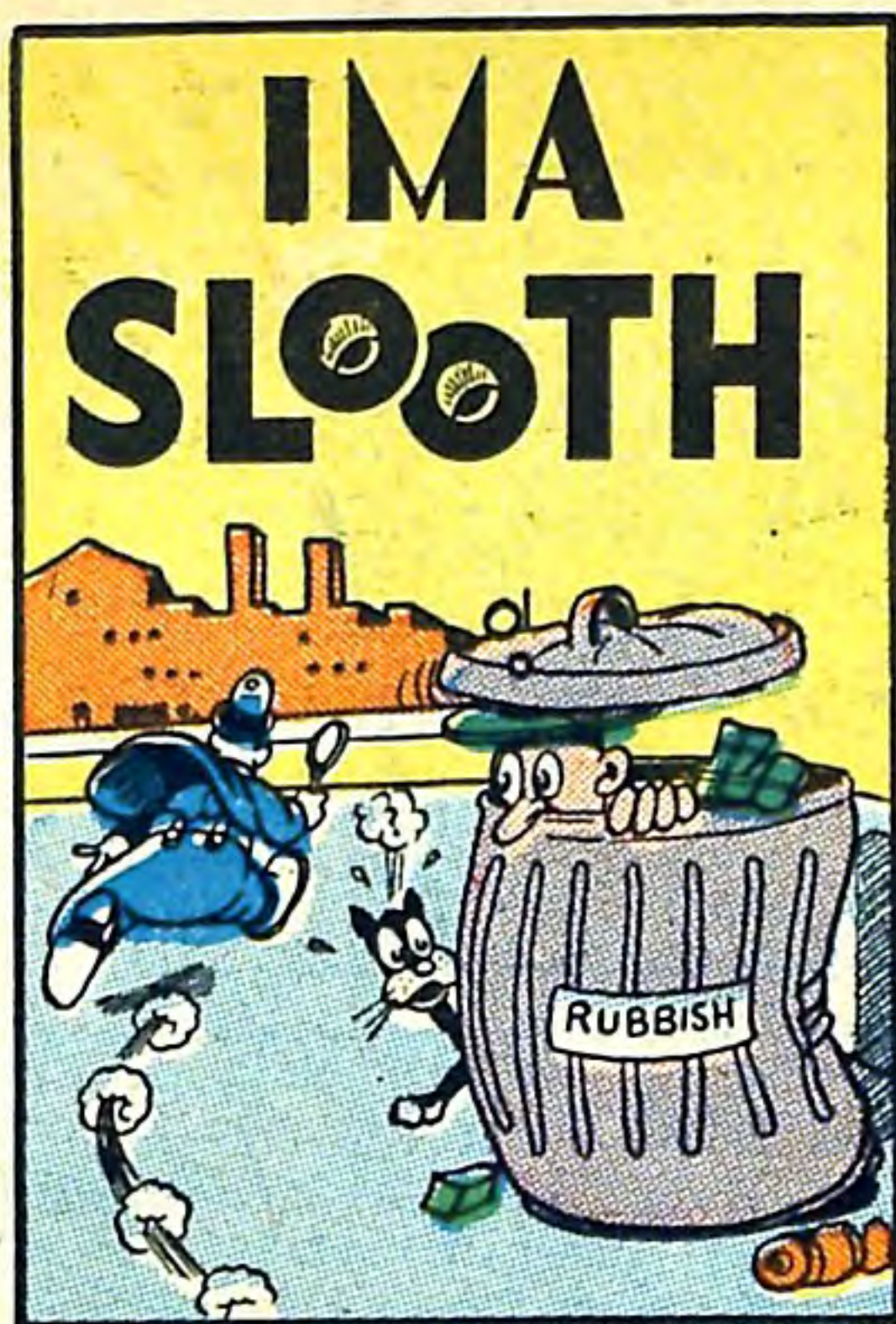
HE'S BOSS OF  
THE BLACK  
MARKET  
MOB. YOU'LL  
FIND ALL  
THE  
EVIDENCE  
BACK THERE.



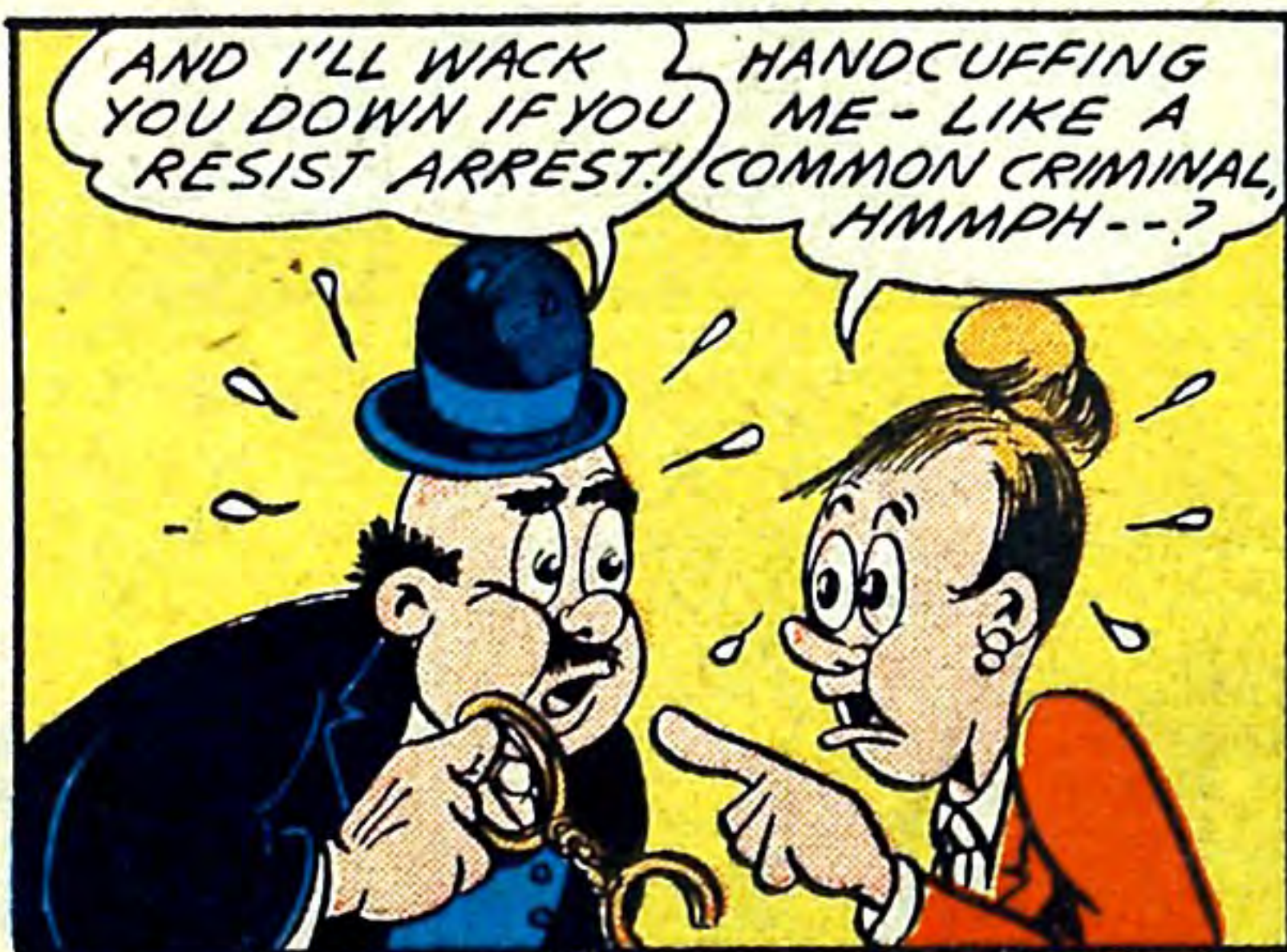
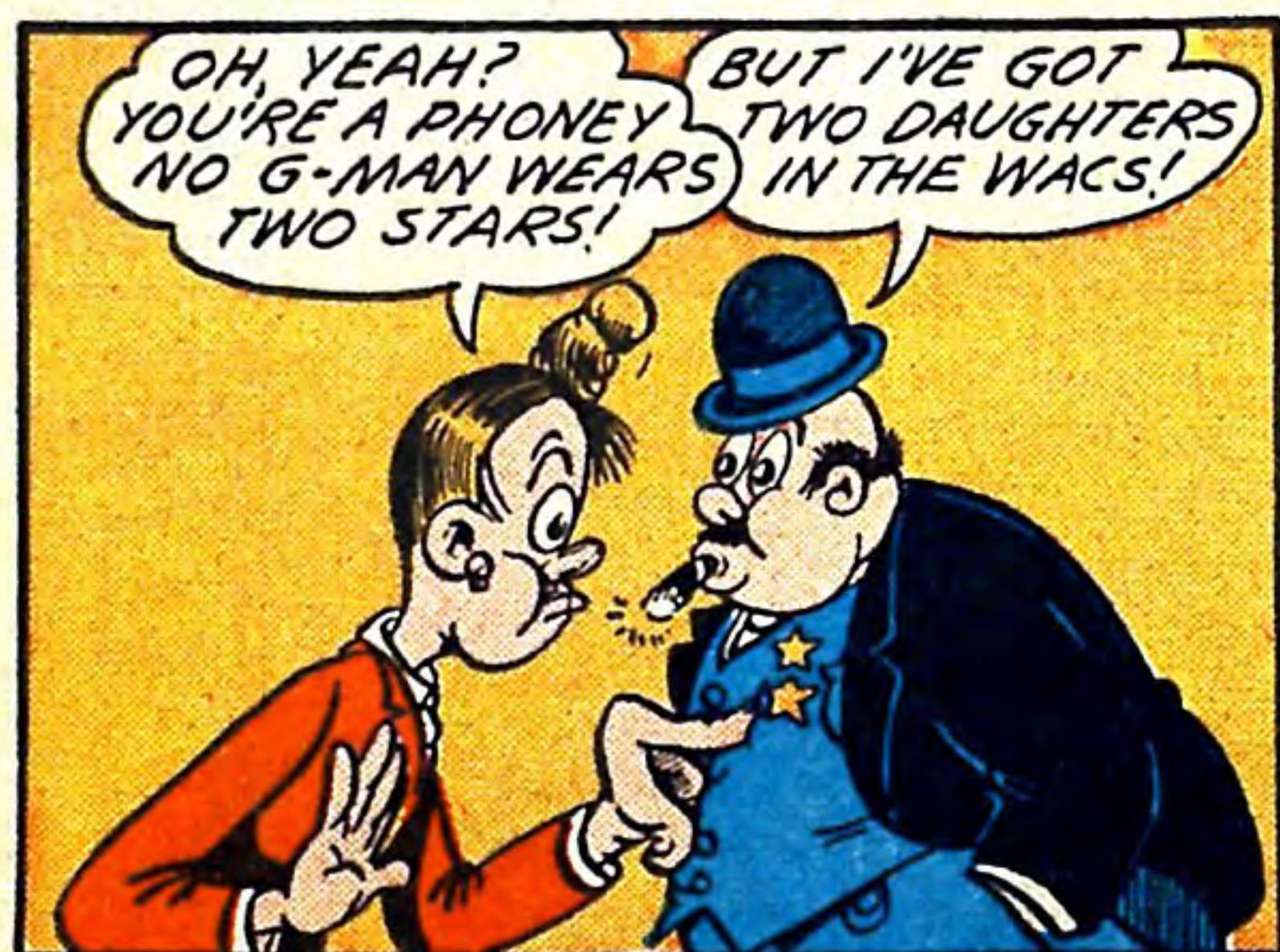
NEXT EVENING --  
WONDER GOSH! HOW  
WHO THIS WOULD  
YANKEE BOY I KNOW,  
IS, VIC? HE POP! UM-  
SURE DID A THIS  
GRAND JOB VEAL  
LAST NIGHT! CUTLET  
IS SWELL!



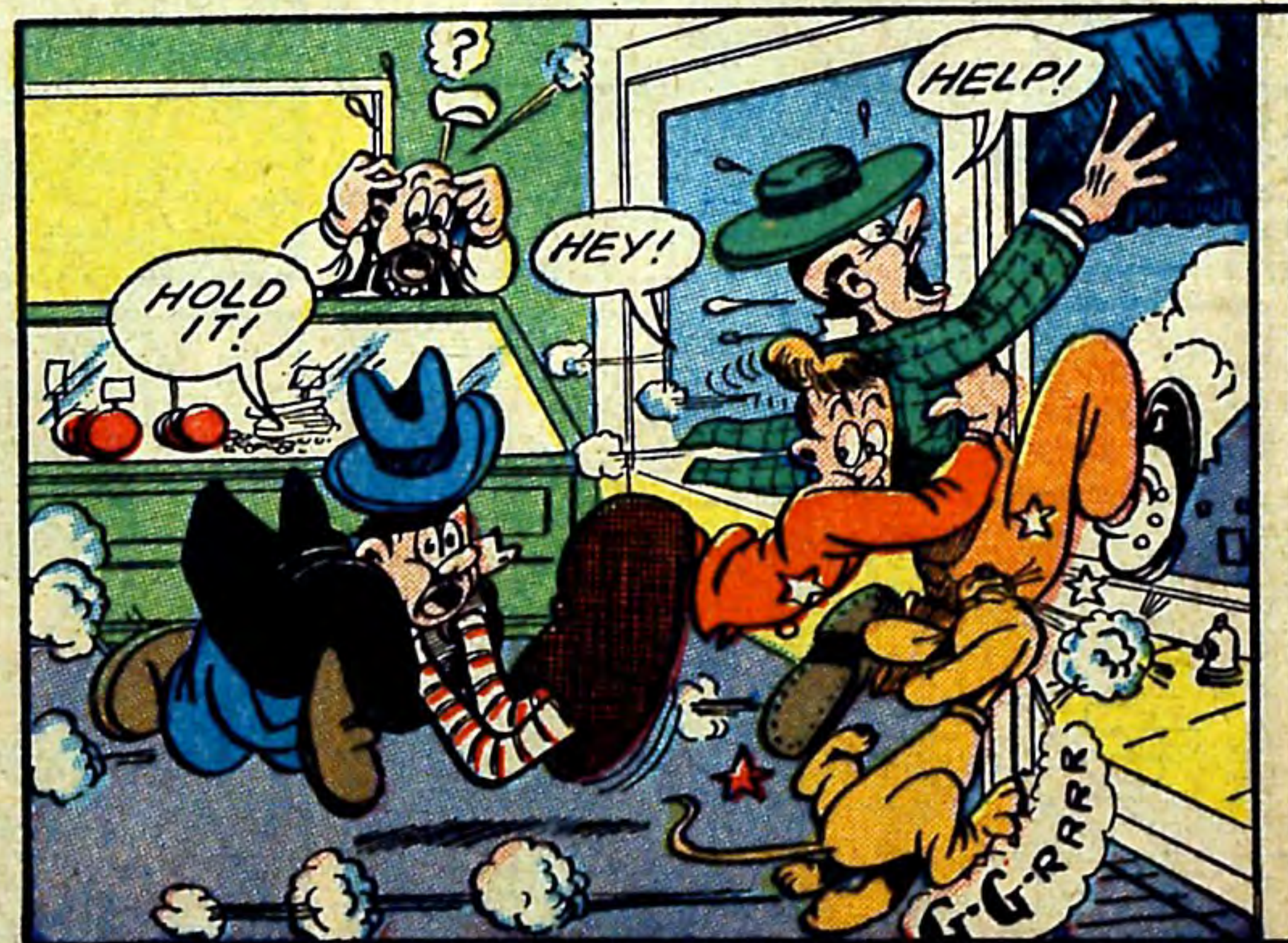
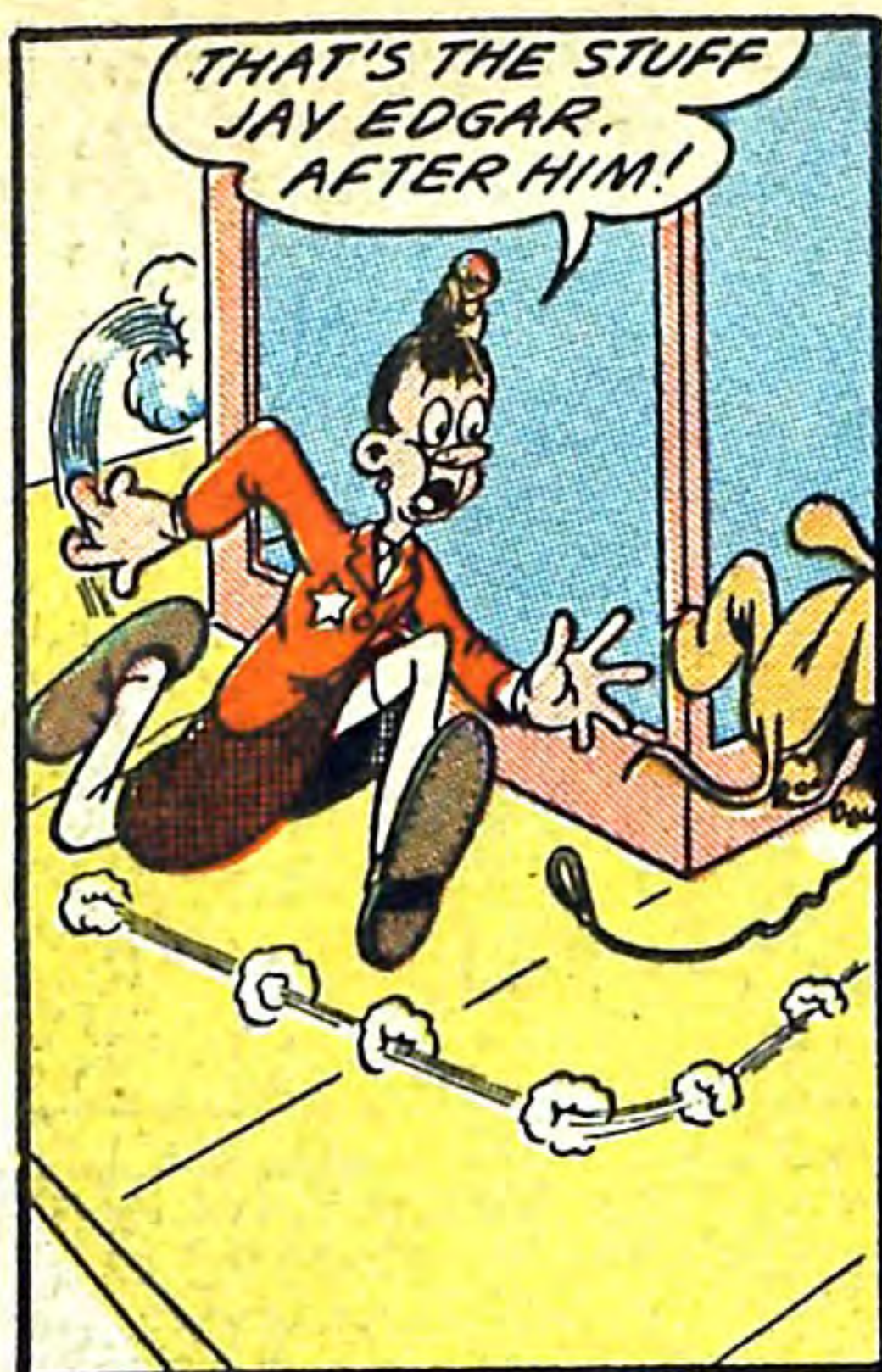










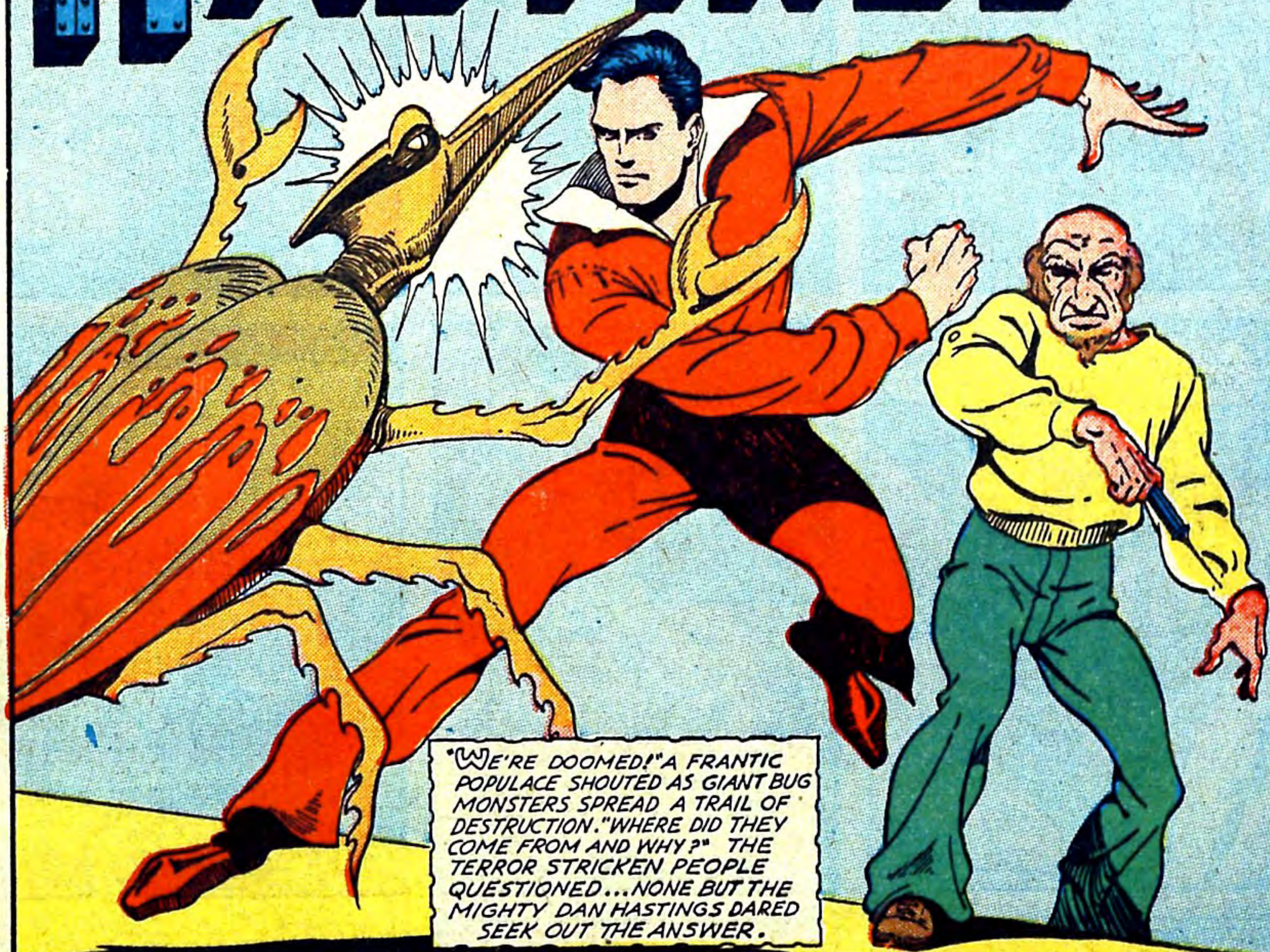






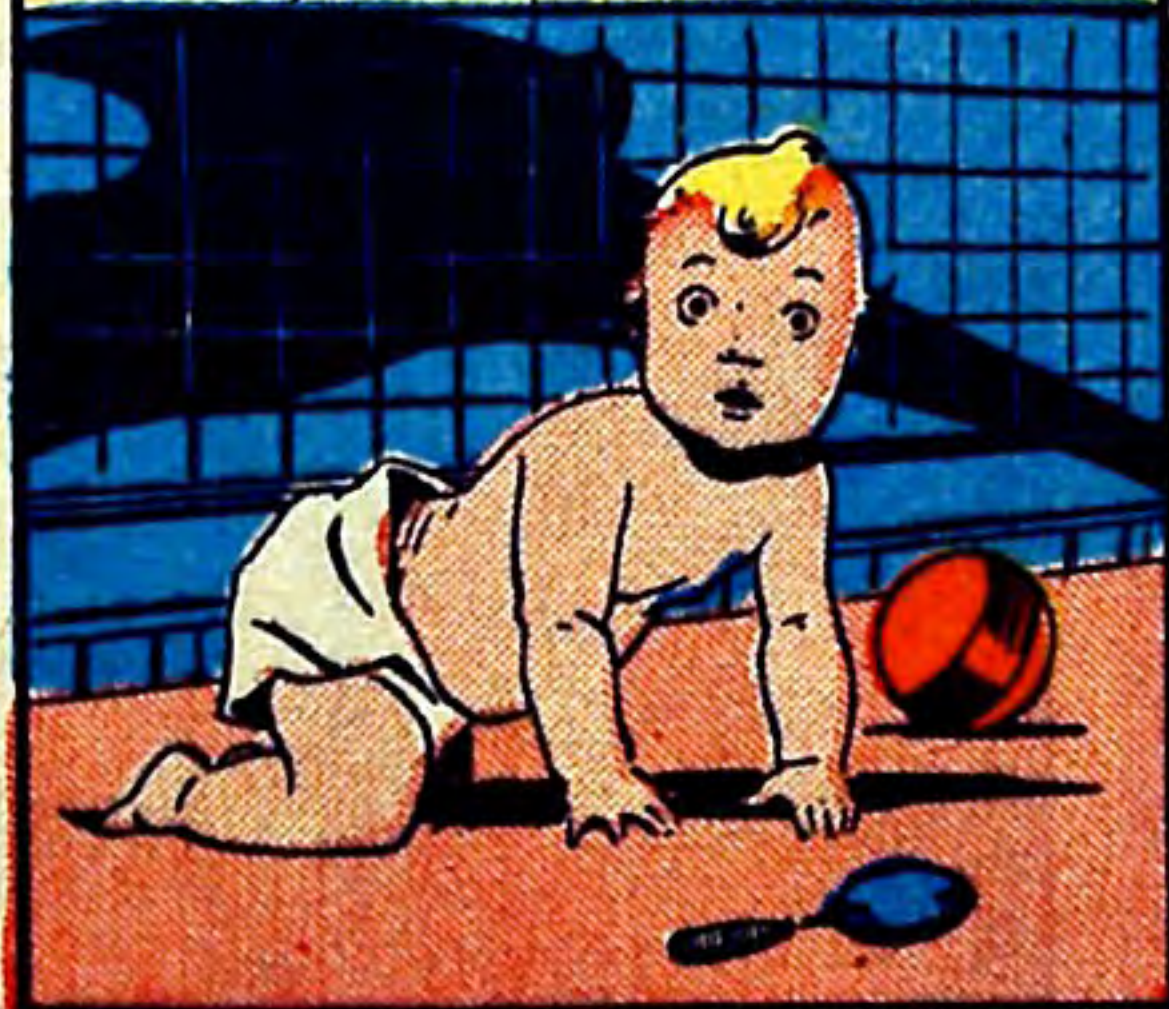


# HASTINGS

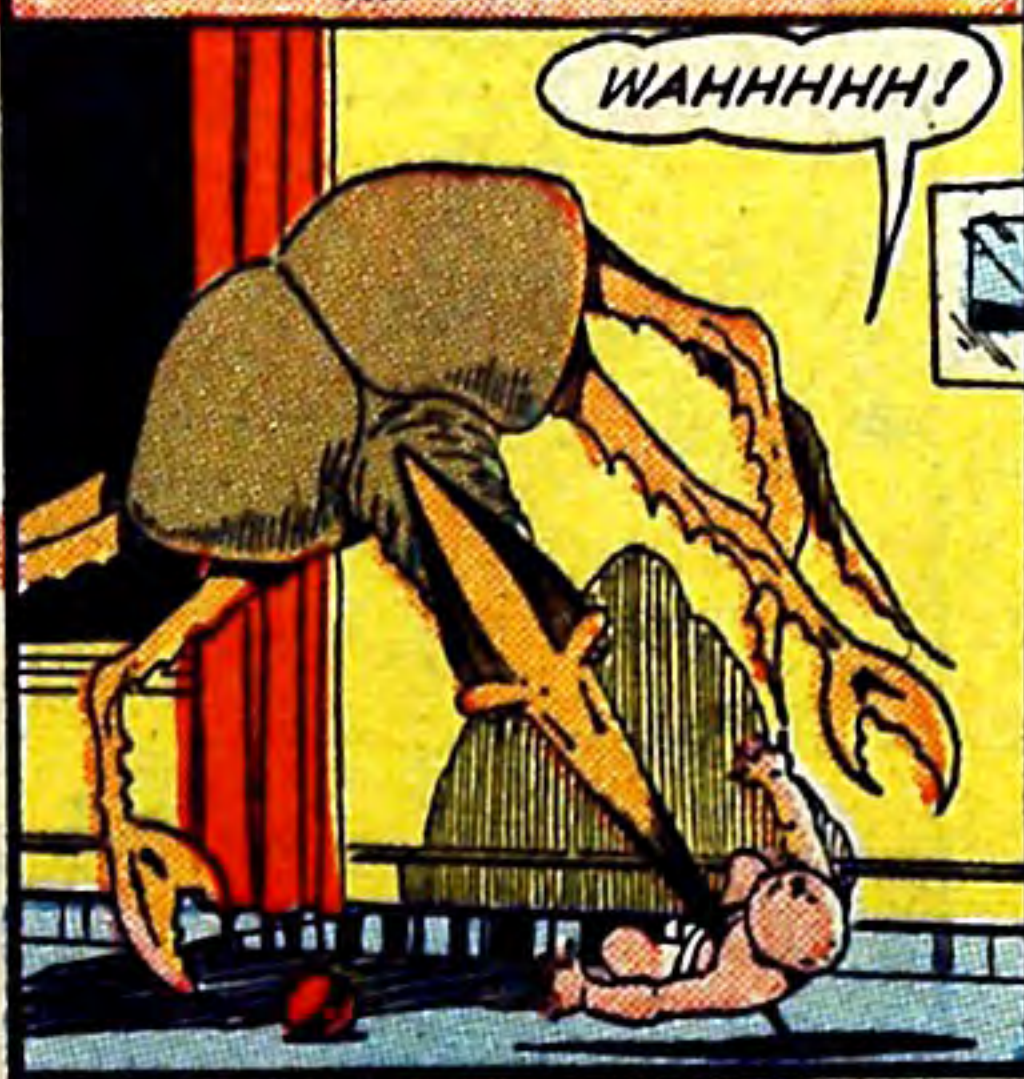


"WE'RE DOOMED!" A FRANTIC POPULACE SHOUTED AS GIANT BUG MONSTERS SPREAD A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION. "WHERE DID THEY COME FROM AND WHY?" THE TERROR STRICKEN PEOPLE QUESTIONED...NONE BUT THE MIGHTY DAN HASTINGS DARED SEEK OUT THE ANSWER.

LITTLE ROBERT NEWTON, SON OF THE U.S. DIRECTOR OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, IS PLAYING WHEN SUDDENLY...



...A HIDEOUS GIANT BUG ATTACKS HIM . . . . .



ROBERT! WHAT'S HAPP...YIIIIII!

M'MY BABY...





AT THE HOME OF DR. WILEY, A MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

THEY PLAY SO WONDERFUL. AH, IF I ONLY HAD TWO SUCH LOVELY CHILDREN.

THANK YOU. COME CHILDREN, IT'S TIME FOR BED.

GOOD NIGHT EVERY BODY. AND THANKS FOR THE VISIT.

GOOD NIGHT.

DR. WILEY, YOU HAVE TWO WONDERFUL CHILDREN. I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR WORKING SO HARD FOR THEM.

GEE SIS, I LIKE TO PLAY IN COMPANY, IT MAKES MOM AND DAD SO HAPPY.

YOU SAID IT. AND THAT'S WHY I USED TO COAX YOU TO PRACTICE.

GO AWAY... AHHHHH!

MOMMY, COME QUICK! AGHHH!

MY CHILDREN. YIIIII!

GRACIOUS! WHAT DEVIL DID THIS!

MEANWHILE ELSEWHERE...

I AWARD THIS LOVING CUP TO YOU FOR BEING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CHILD IN THE U. S. WILL YOU SAY SOMETHING TO THE PEOPLE.

AH, HUH, MY DADDY IS A MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE AND BECAUSE OF HIM I LOOK SO PRETTY.

LATER THAT NIGHT AS THE CHILD GOES TO SLEEP....

I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR MAKING ME SO PRETTY. BUT DADDY SAYS YOU NEED BRAINS IN THIS WORLD. SO COULD YOU PLEASE GIVE ME SOME. AMEN.

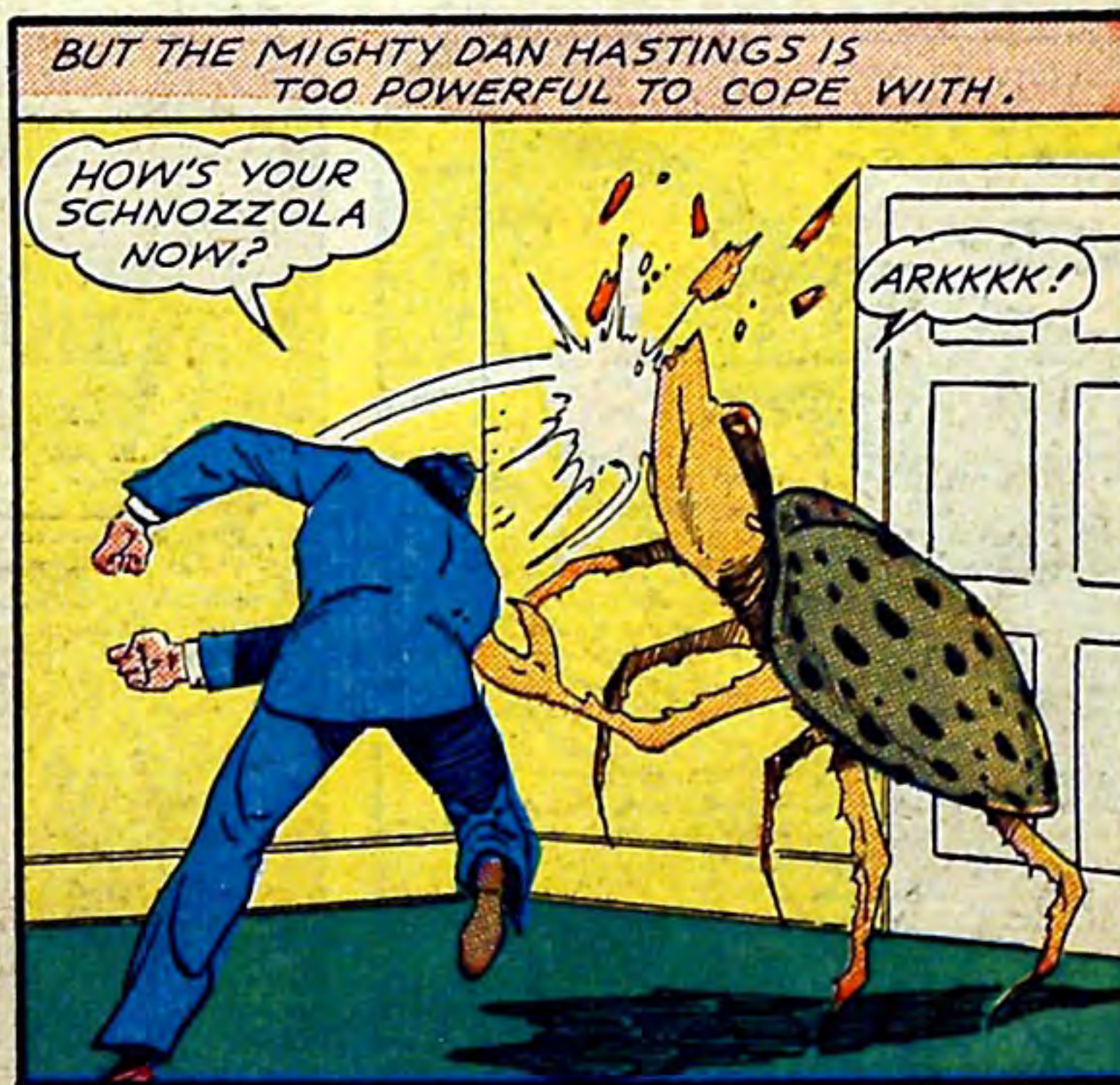
YAAAAAAA!

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER... DAN HASTINGS IS WITH HIS FRIEND, DR. CARTER, THE NOTED SCIENTIST...

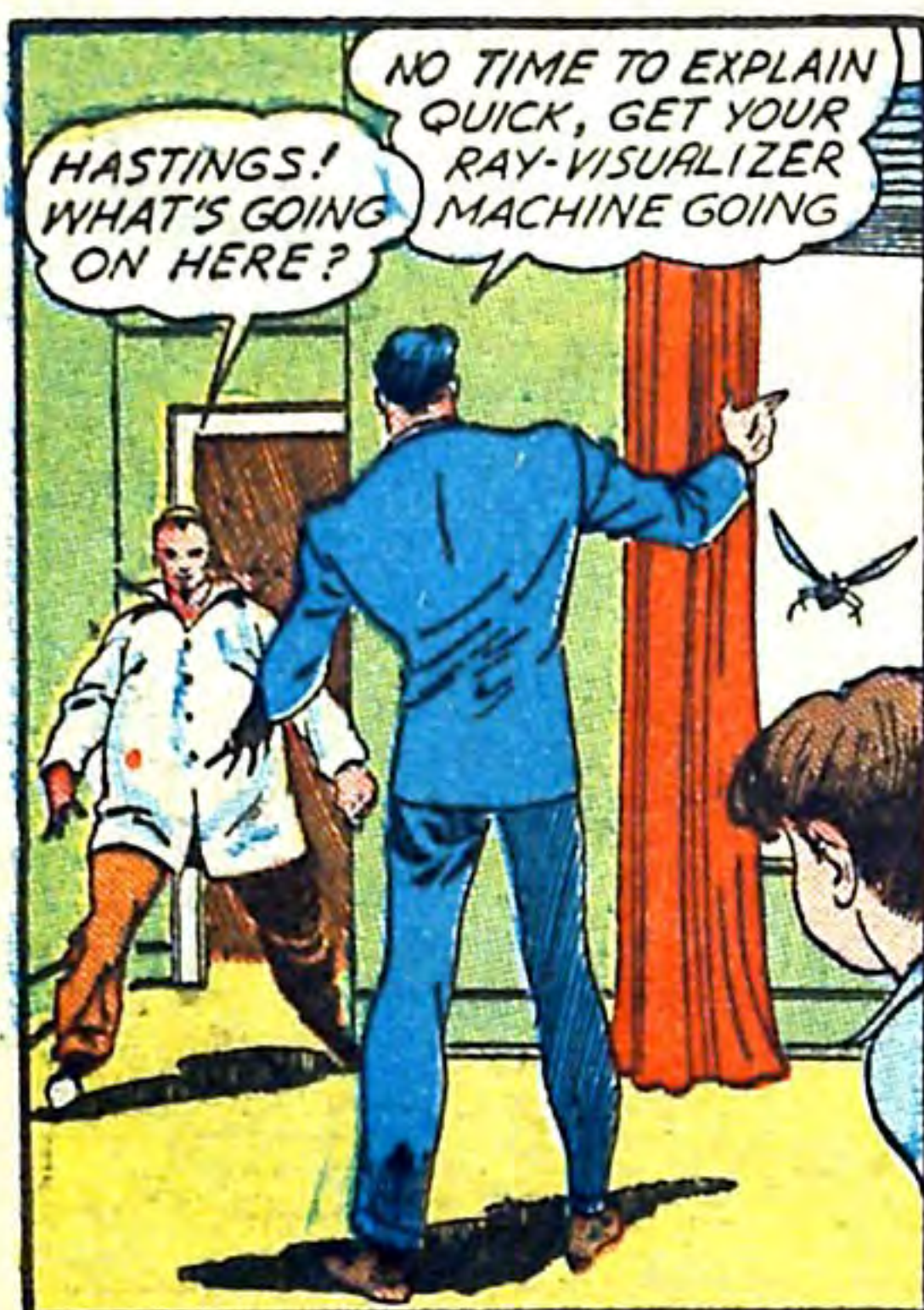
WELL DR. CARTER, HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO FIND ANY SOLUTION TO THOSE CHILDRENS STRANGE DEATH?

NOTHING DAN. BUT IT'S RATHER ODD. THAT THESE DISASTERS SHOULD HAPPEN TO THE CHILDREN OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

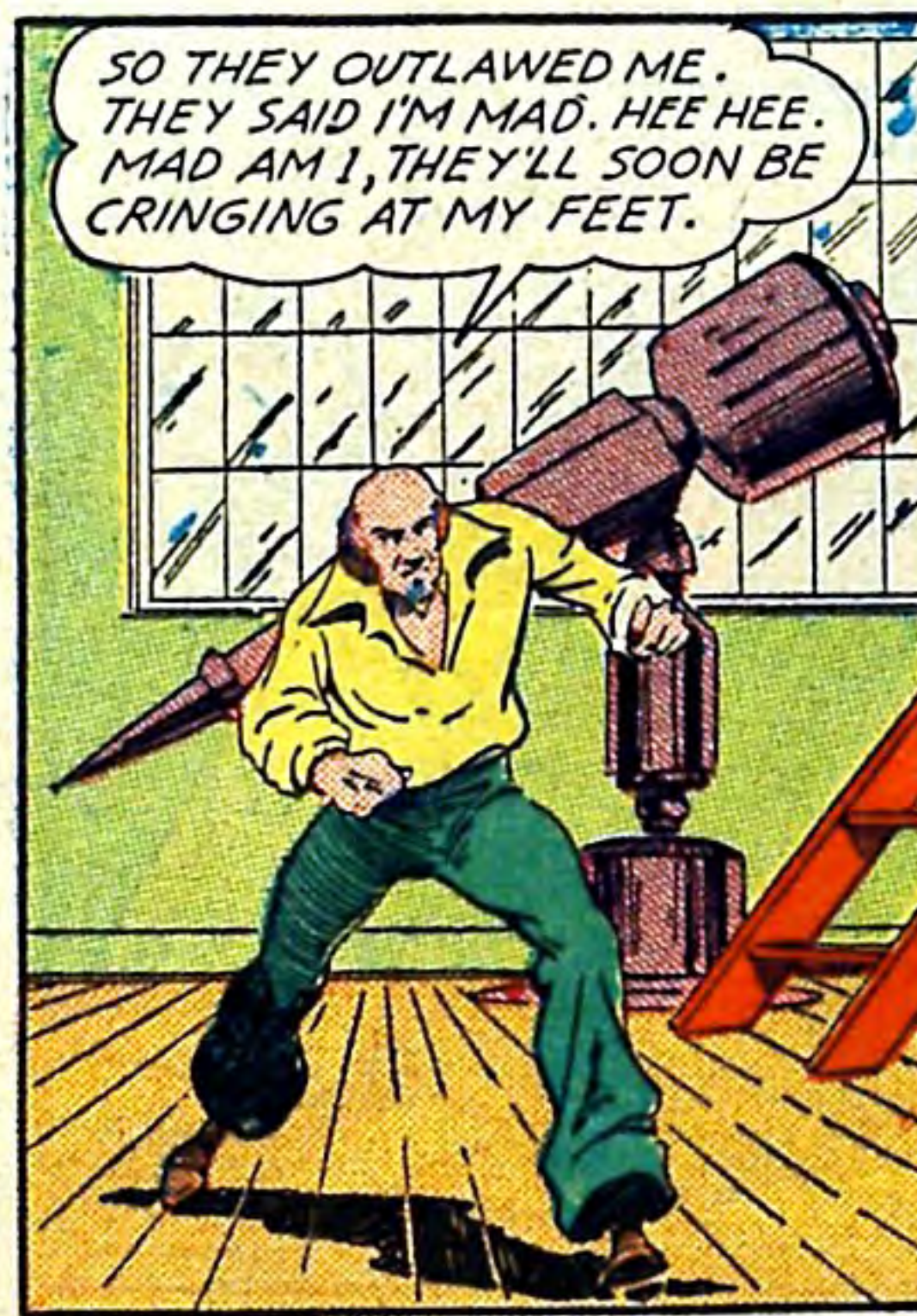








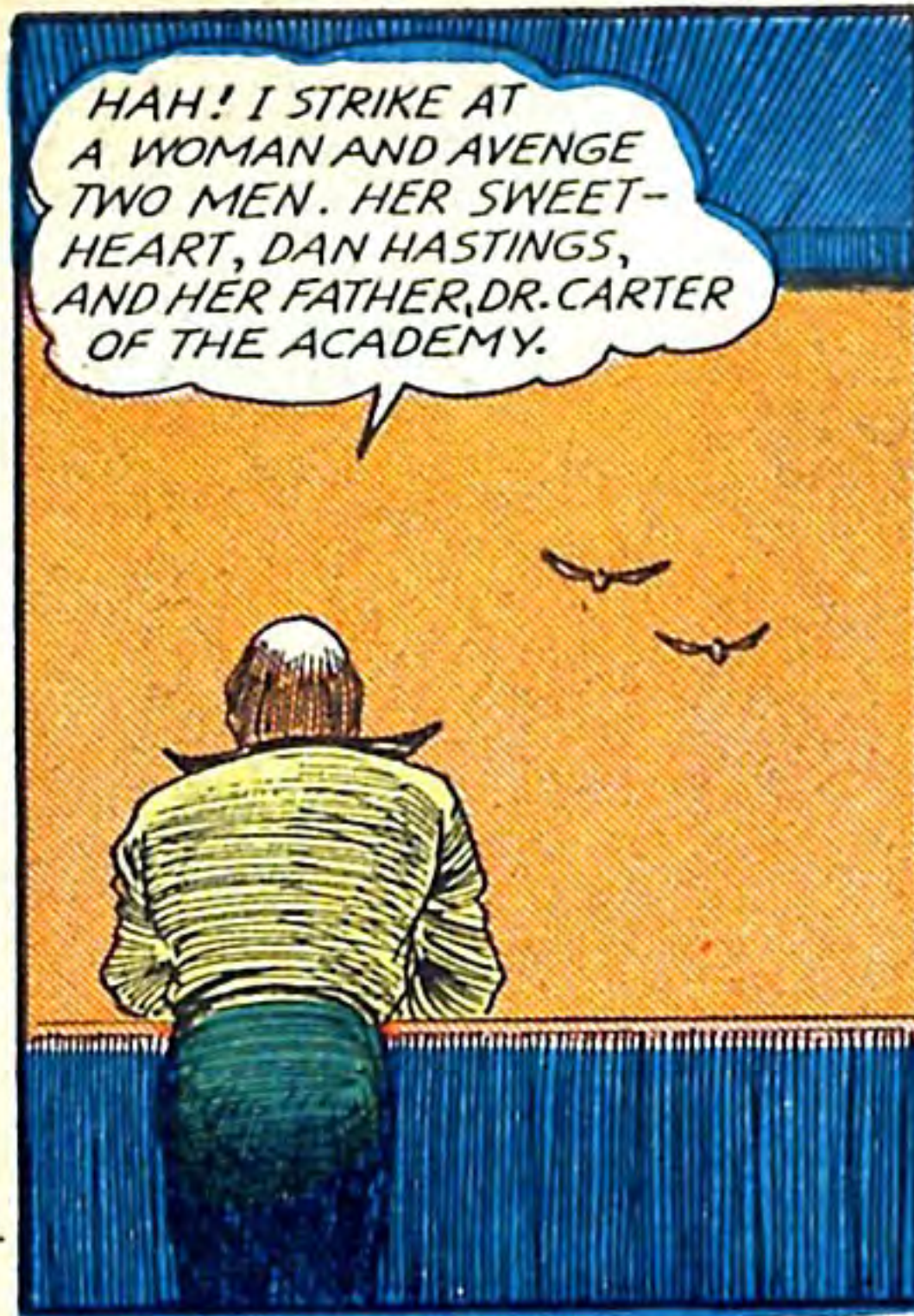
MEANWHILE ON THE PLANET OF PLEXIS  
THE MAD SCIENTIST, DR. STRANGE,  
OUTLAWED BY THE ACADEMY OF  
SCIENCE FOR HIS INSANE PRACTICES,  
WATCHES THE FLIGHT OF THE STRANGE  
BEAST . . . .



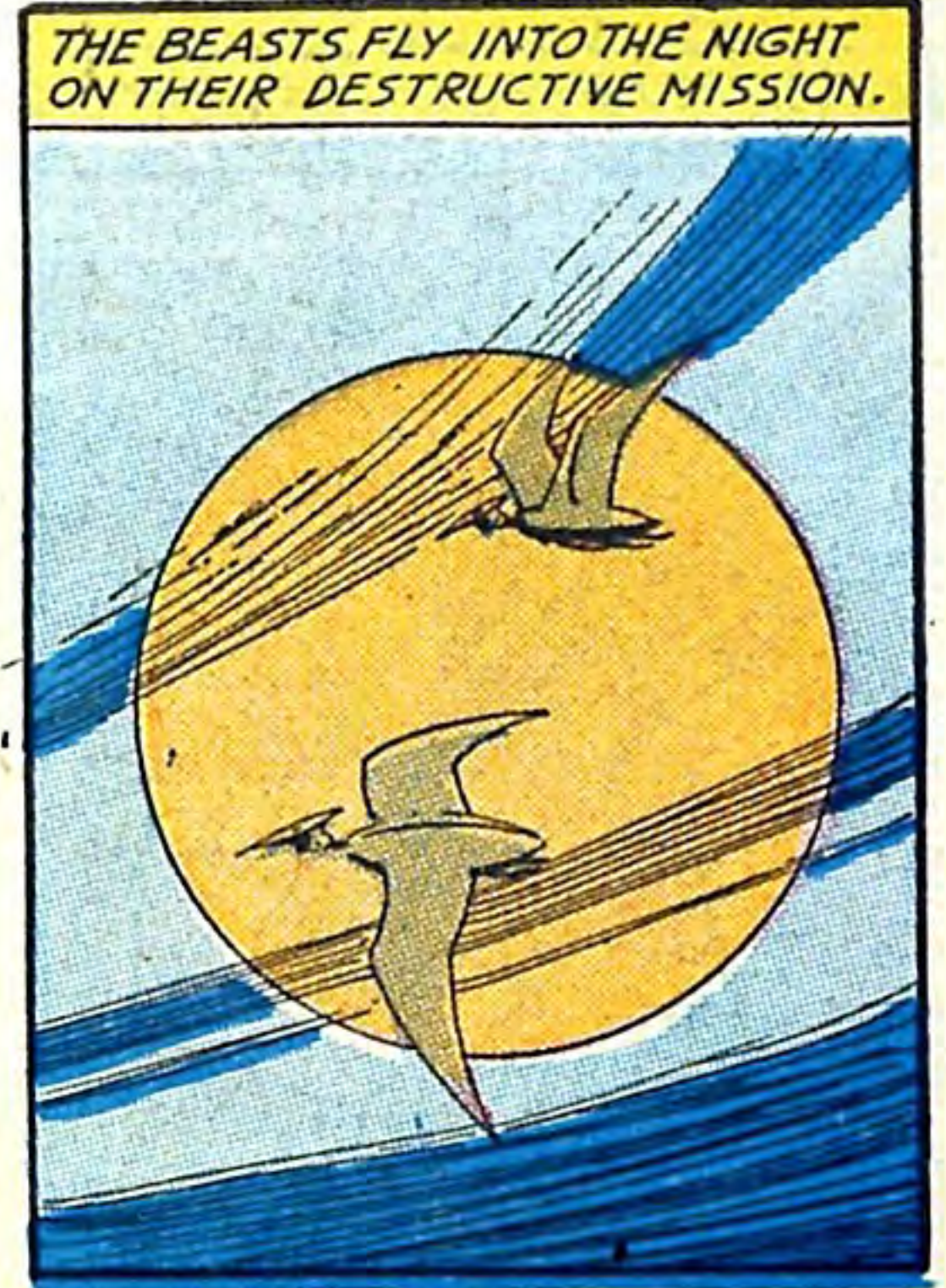




BRING BACK GLORIA CARTER. DON'T HARM HER. I WANT HER STRONG AND HEALTHY, SO I CAN TORTURE HER.



HAH! I STRIKE AT A WOMAN AND AVENGE TWO MEN. HER SWEET-HEART, DAN HASTINGS, AND HER FATHER, DR. CARTER OF THE ACADEMY.



THE BEASTS FLY INTO THE NIGHT ON THEIR DESTRUCTIVE MISSION.



THE NEXT MORNING DAN ENTERS THE CARTER HOME...

GOOD MORNING, DR. CARTER. I CAME TO SAY GOODBYE TO YOU AND GLORIA. I'M GOING ON A TRIP.

ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR SECRET MISSIONS DAN? WELL, GLORIA IS IN HER ROOM.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING... WHAT'S THAT?

THAT SCREAM... SOMETHING HAPPENING TO GLORIA.



GLORIA! DAN DO SOMETHING!

CAN'T USE MY RAY GUN. MIGHT HIT GLORIA!



LET'S FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL IN THE VISUALIZER.

NO NEED TO, I KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING, AND I'M GOING AFTER THEM NOW.



BUT AS DAN PREPARES TO LEAVE...

DAN, I WANT TO GO ALONG. GLORIA IS MY DAUGHTER.

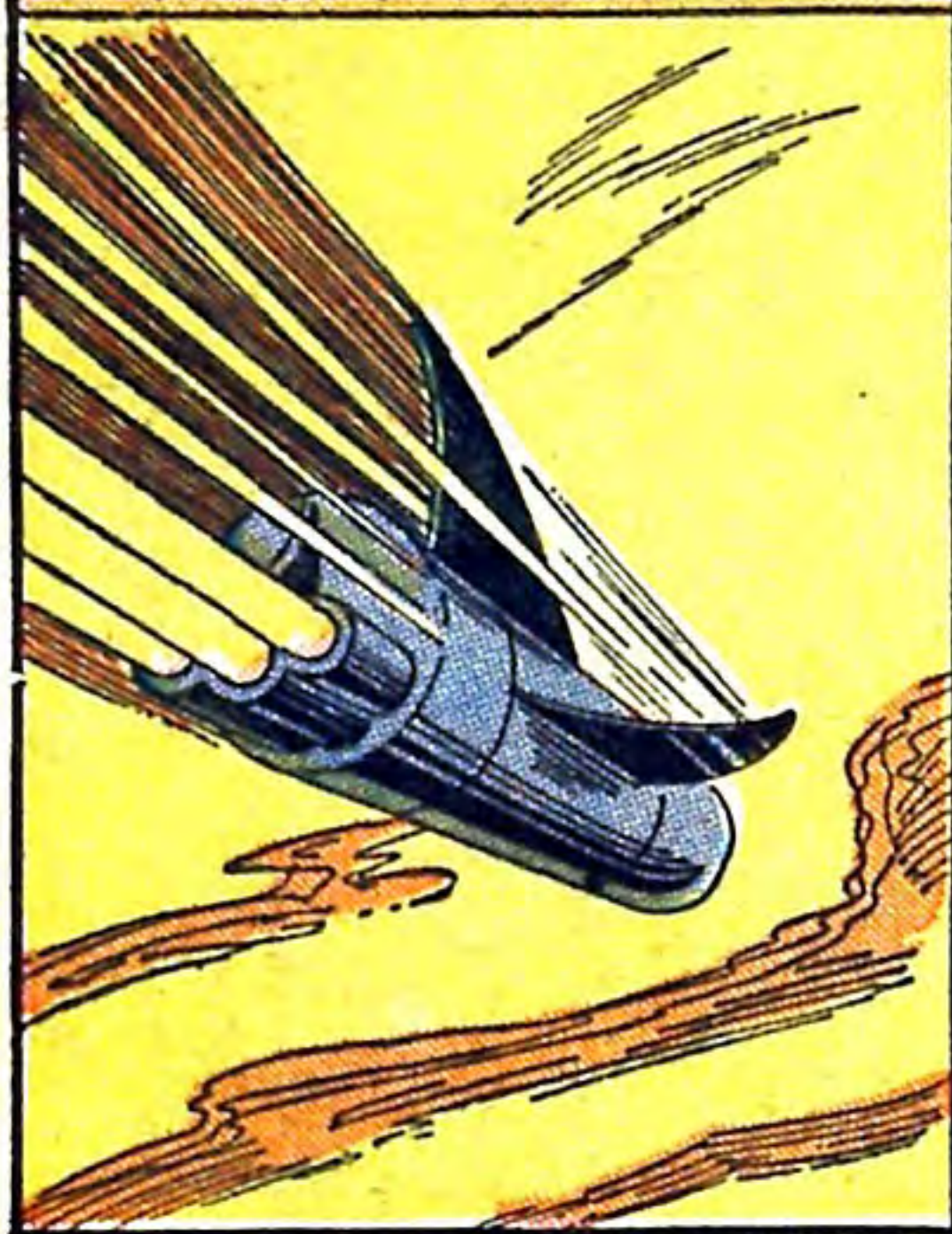
I HAVE TO GO ALONE. THIS IS A JOB FOR ONE MAN.



I TRUST IN YOU DAN HASTINGS. I KNOW YOU WILL SAVE US FROM THIS TERRIBLE DISASTER.



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, DAN LANDS IN PLEXIS....



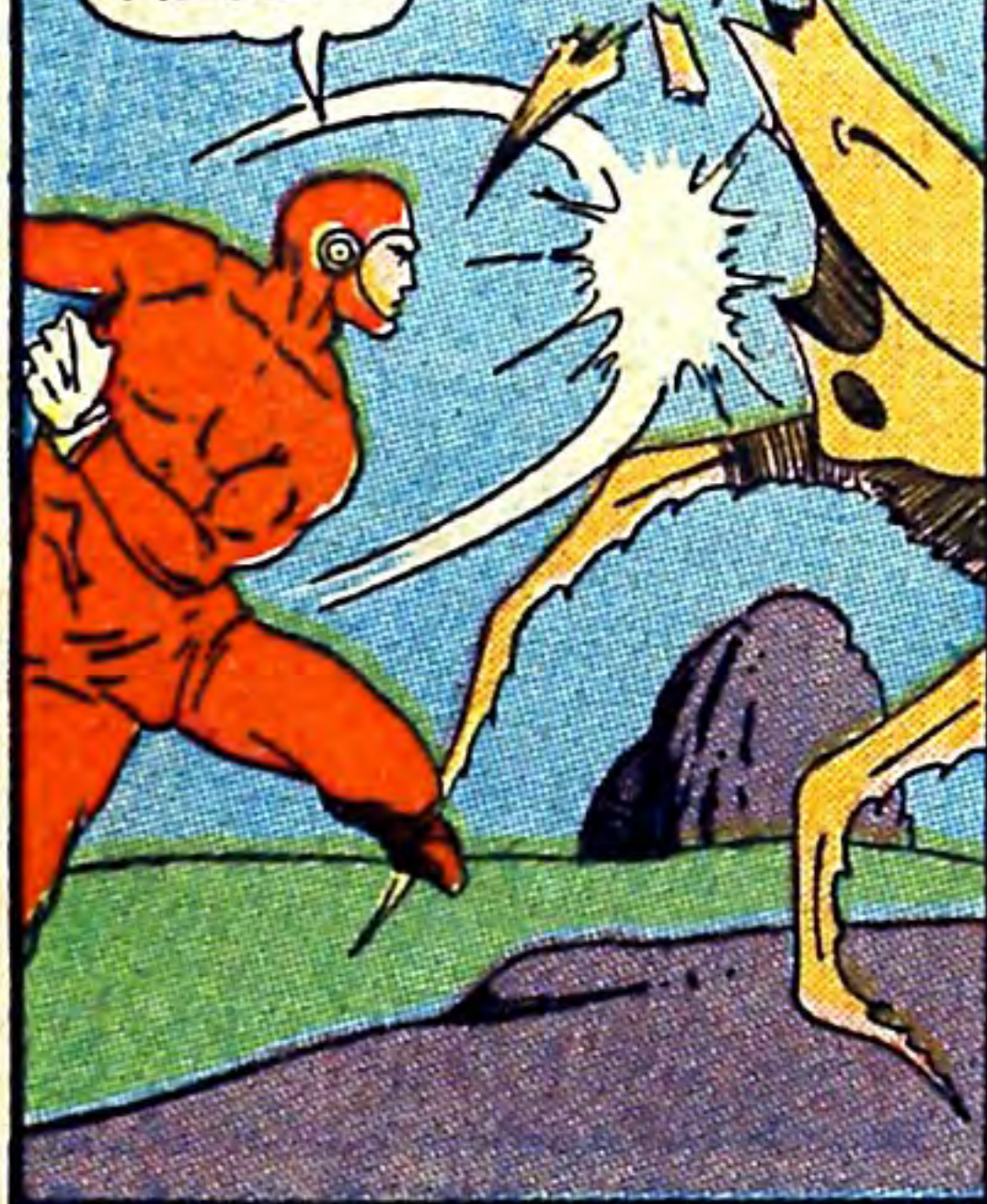
AH! A NICE PLEASANT RECEPTION COMMITTEE.



GREETINGS FROM DAN HASTINGS!



HERE'S SOMETHING WORTH ARKING ABOUT.



GOING HOME TO 'PAPA? WELL, I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM!

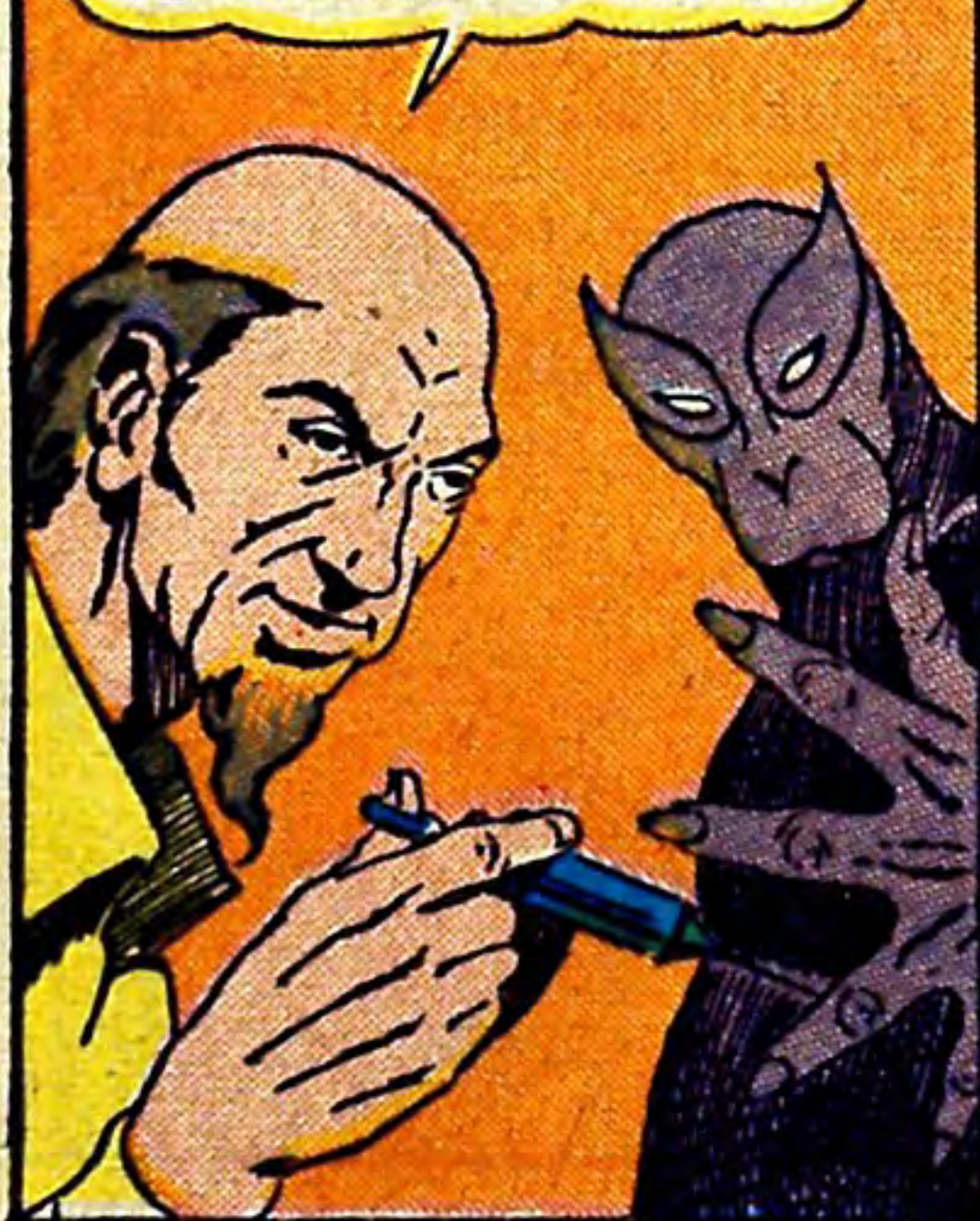


THIS IS THE LAST BEAST IN PLEXIS. I'LL GET RID OF BOTH OF YOU THE SAME WAY. I'LL DISSOLVE YOUR BODY'S PIECE BY PIECE.

YOU BEAST!



JUST ENOUGH SERUM TO TAKE OFF HIS FLESH.



AND I HAVE AN EQUAL DOSE FOR YOU.



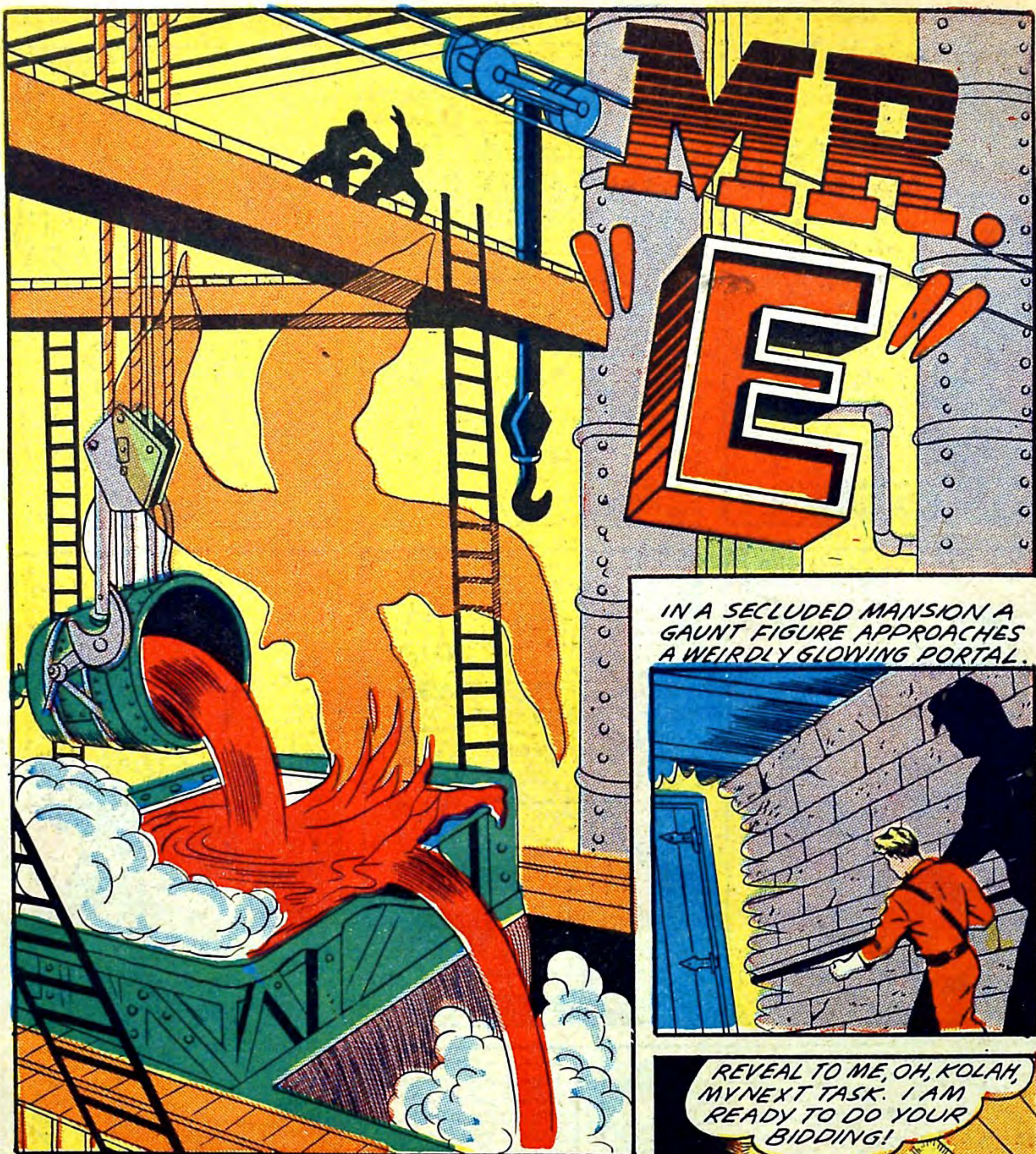
AND NOW I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE SAMPLE OF MY POWER.



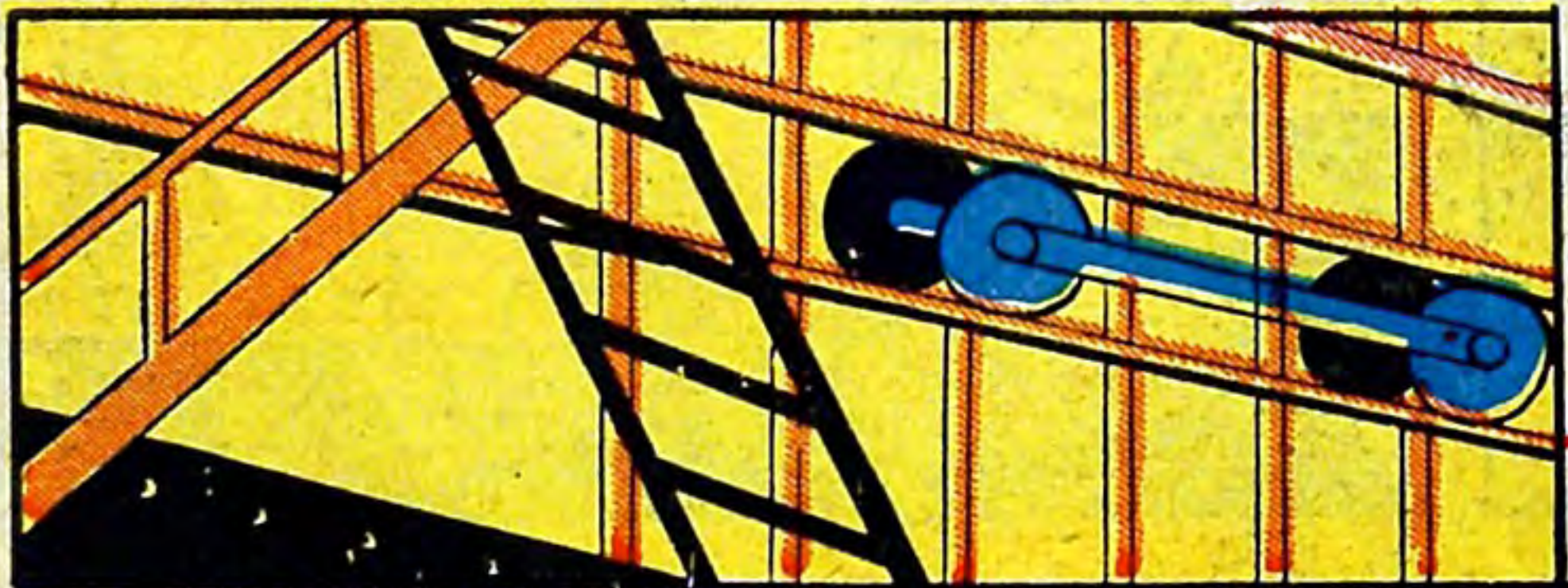








SCRAP IRON NEEDED TO BLAST A PATH STRAIGHT TO TOKYO. BUT ONE LOAD OF VITALLY NEEDED METAL MEANT WORK STOPPAGE, TERROR AND DEATH. THE ONLY POWER STRONG ENOUGH TO HALT THIS MONSTROUS MENACE WAS "MR. E". COULD HE BRAVE THE SINISTER PERIL TO SMASH THIS DREADED CONSPIRACY?



IN A SECLUDED MANSION A GAUNT FIGURE APPROACHES A WEIRDLY GLOWING PORTAL.

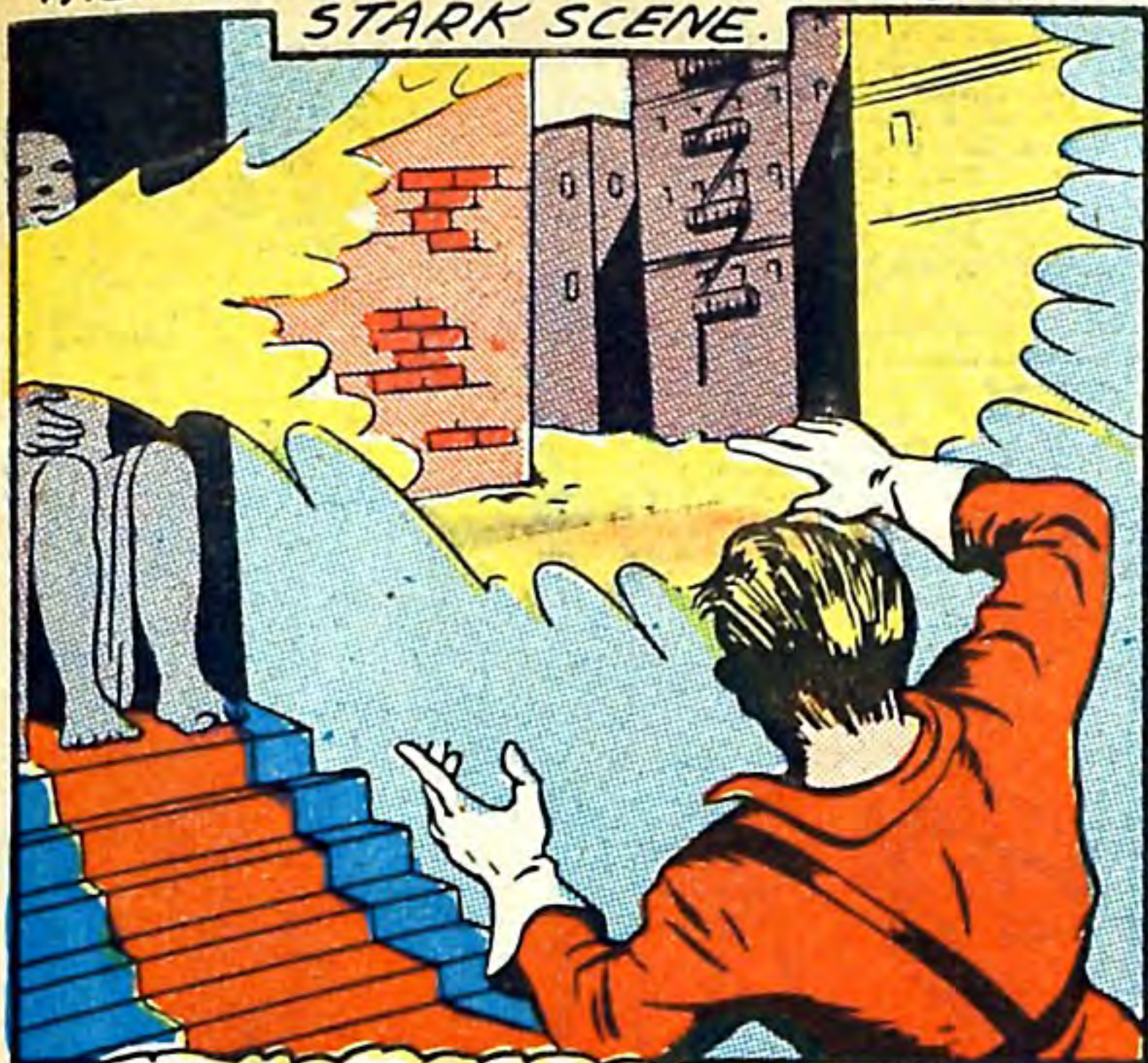


REVEAL TO ME, OH, KOLAH, MY NEXT TASK. I AM READY TO DO YOUR BIDDING!

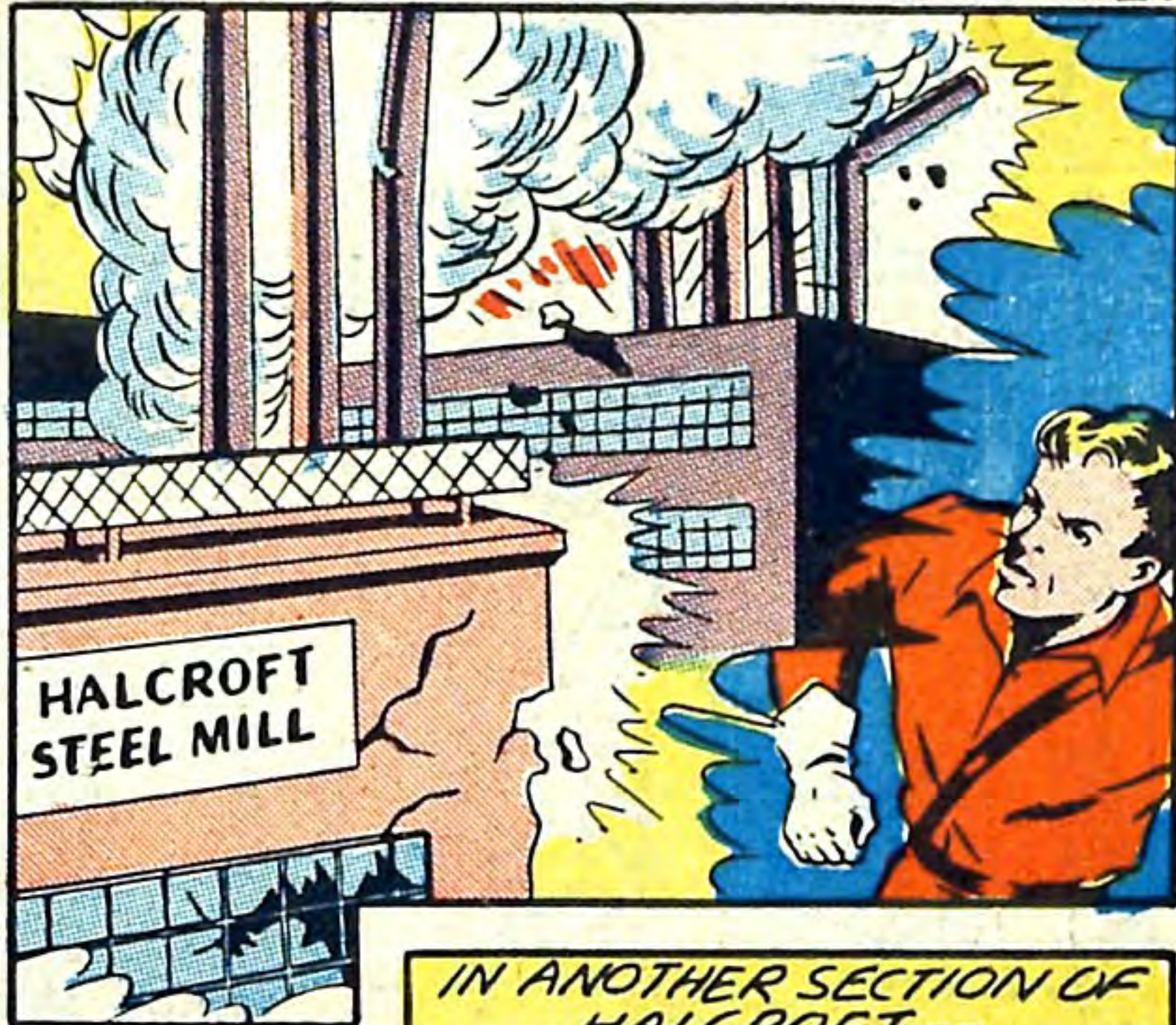




SUDDENLY A BLINDING FLASH FROM THE ANCIENT IDOL REVEALS A STARK SCENE.



IN A SPLIT SECOND ANOTHER PICTURE BURSTS BEFORE "MR. E"'S STARTLED STARE.



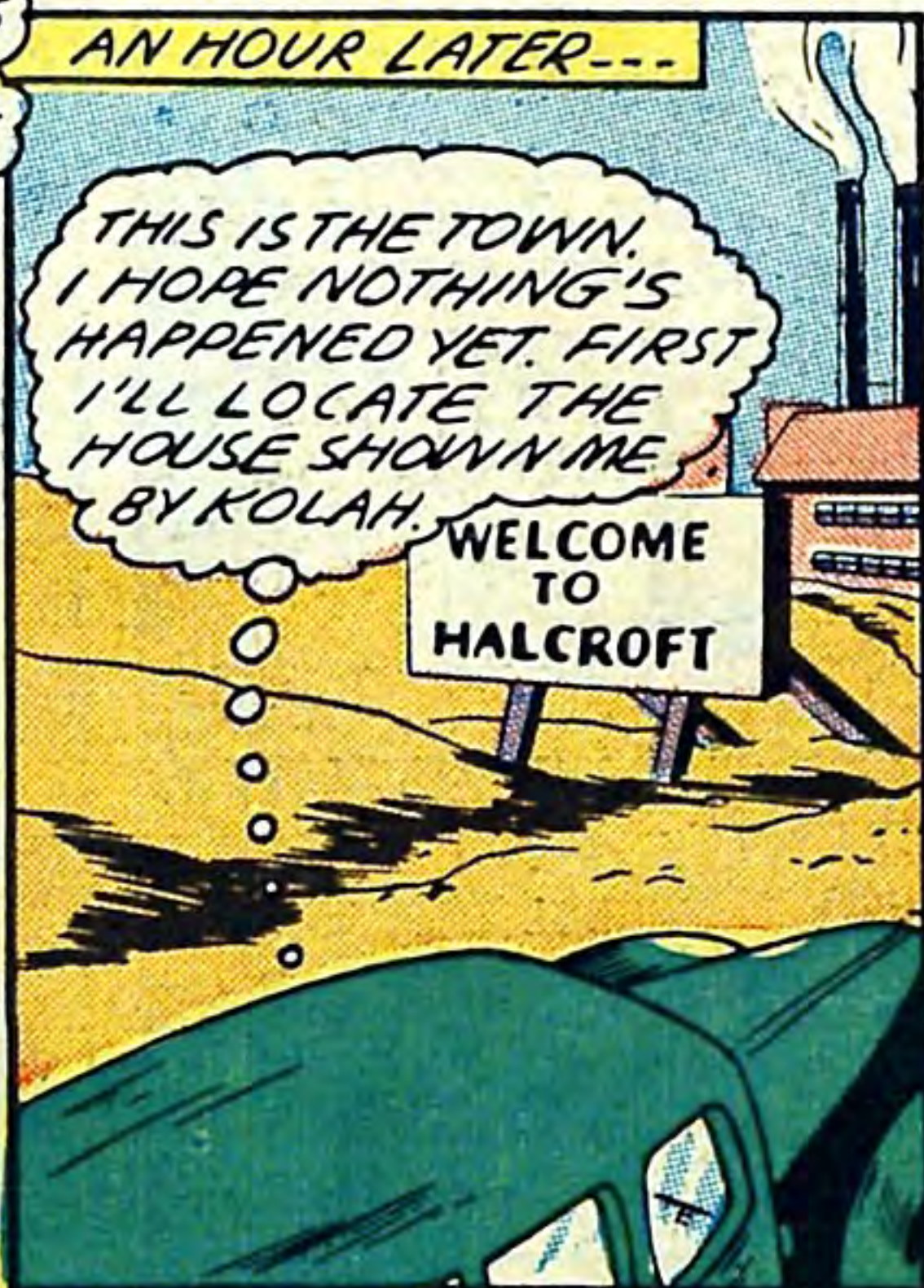
THAT FLASH HOLDS THE SECRET OF THE HALCROFT STEEL MILL'S THREATENED DESTRUCTION!



AN HOUR LATER---

THIS IS THE TOWN. I HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET. FIRST I'LL LOCATE THE HOUSE SHOWN ME BY KOLAH.

WELCOME TO HALCROFT



IN ANOTHER SECTION OF HALCROFT --

THIS METAL JA! THE EXPLOSIVE SCRAP CAPSULE METAL WILL DESTROY THE STEEL MILL. A VICTORY FOR DER FEUHRER!



TAKE THE SCRAP TO THE MILL. HAYS, THE FOREMAN, WILL DUMP IT INTO THE CAULDRONS. THE CAPSULE TAKES FIVE MINUTES TO EXPLODE. ENOUGH TIME FOR OUR MEN TO ESCAPE!



AT THAT MOMENT...

THE SAME PLACE THAT I SAW IN THE FLASH! THE FIRE ESCAPE LEADS TO THE LIGHTED WINDOW!





RUSTY STEPS CREAK EERILY...



THAT METAL, THAT'S THE STUFF THEY INTEND TO USE TO BLOW UP THE MILL. BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!



SUDDENLY--

HIMMEL! THAT MAN. QUICK! SHOOT HIM!



HOLD IT! ONE MOVE AND I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT.



GOOD WORK! PERHAPS THIS WILL TEACH THE MYSTERY MAN NOT TO FOOL WITH THE FUEHRER'S AGENTS.



MINUTES LATER--

COME, ENOUGH TIME HAS BEEN WASTED! GO TO THE MILL WITH THIS SCRAP!



STILL LATER--

NOW WE'LL TRY GESTAPO METHODS TO FIND WHAT HE KNOWS OF OUR PLANS. HAND ME THE WHIP!





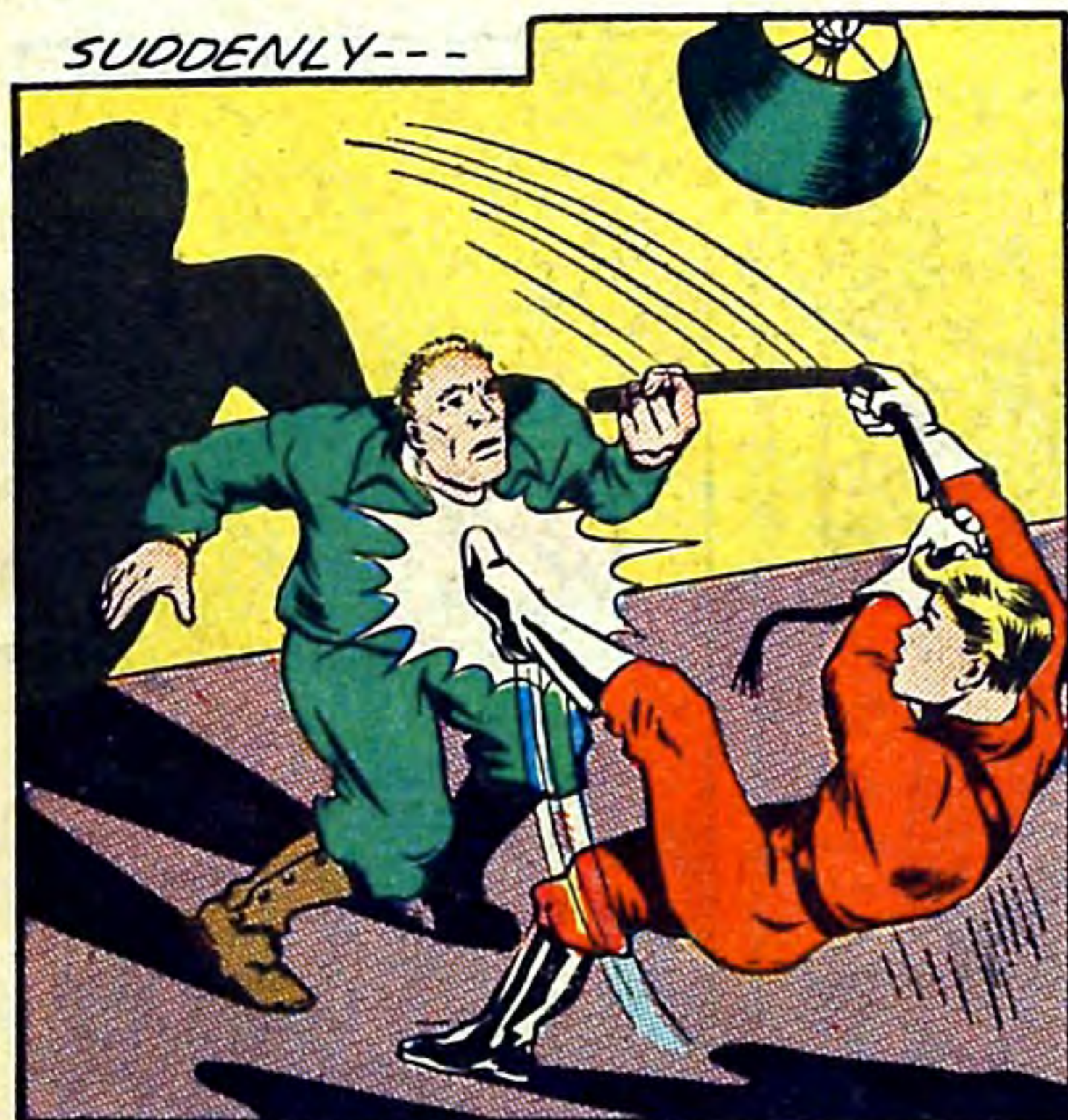
WAKE UP!



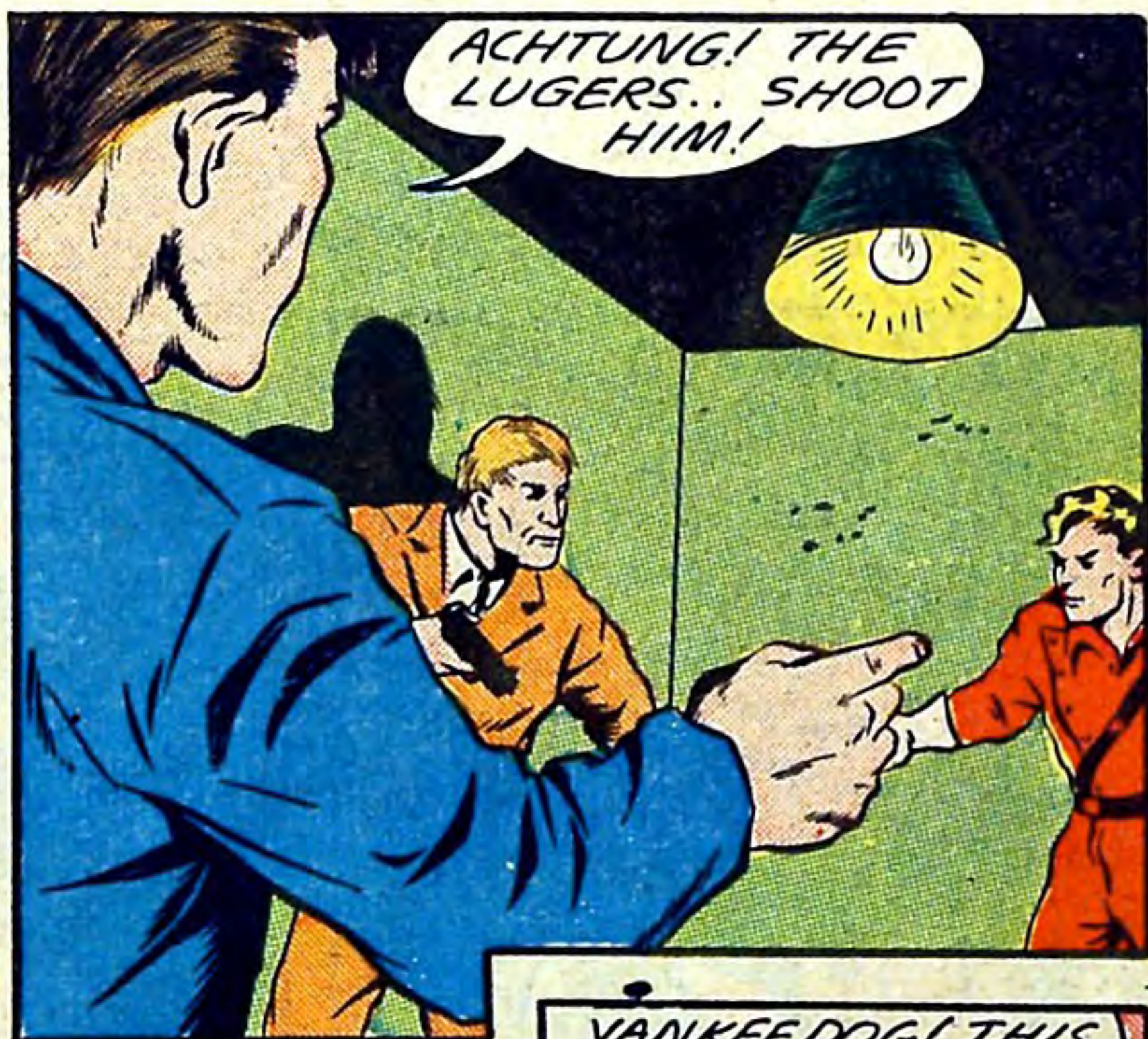
WH-WHERE AM I? WAIT, NOW I REMEMBER. BUT I'VE GOT WORK FAST. THE OTHERS LEFT FOR THE STEEL MILL.



QUICK! WHO ARE YOU? SPEAK OR THIS WHIP WILL SHRED YOUR FLESH!



SUDDENLY---



ACHTUNG! THE LUGERS.. SHOOT HIM!



OH YEAH! I'VE GOT DIFFERENT PLANS!

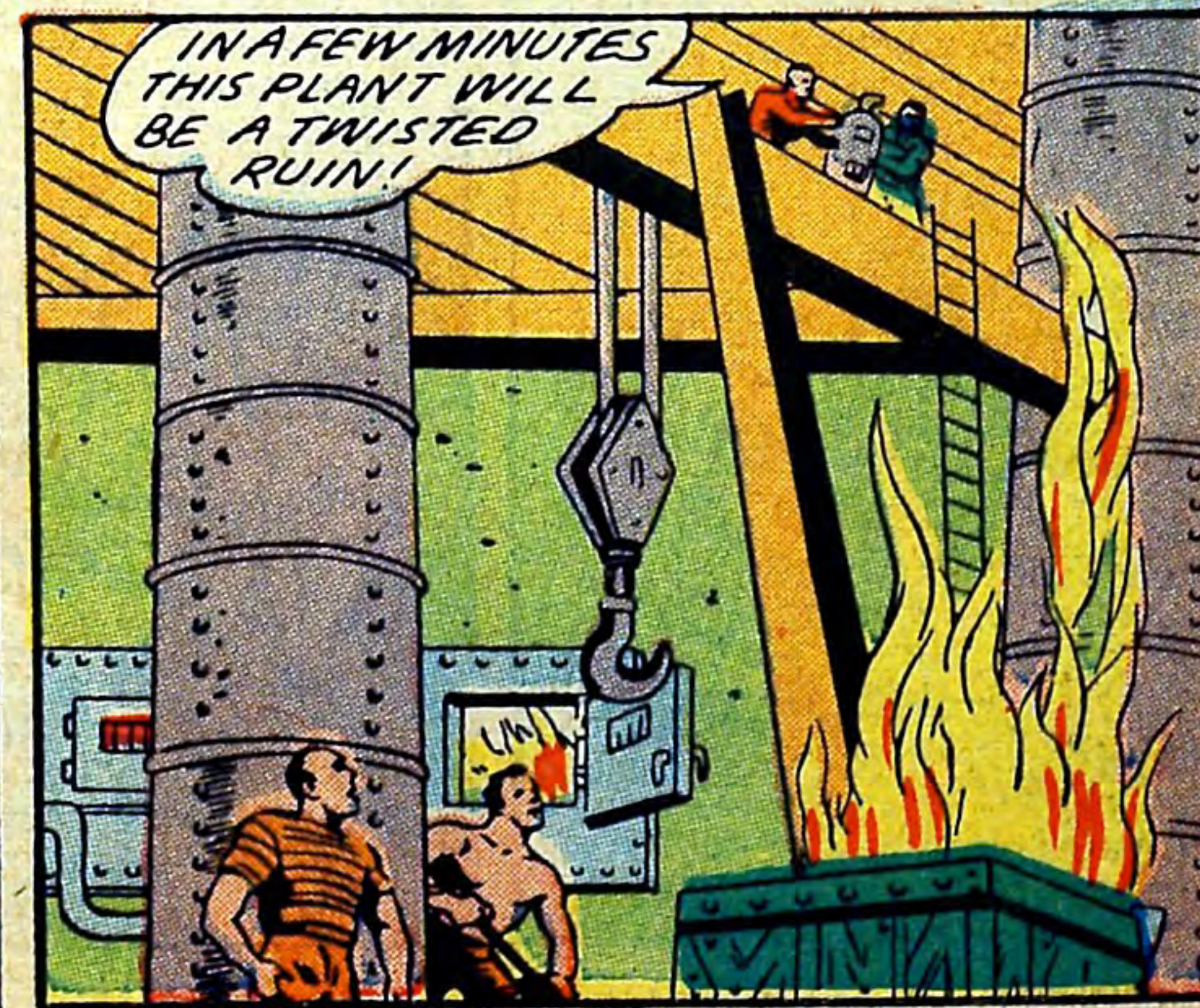
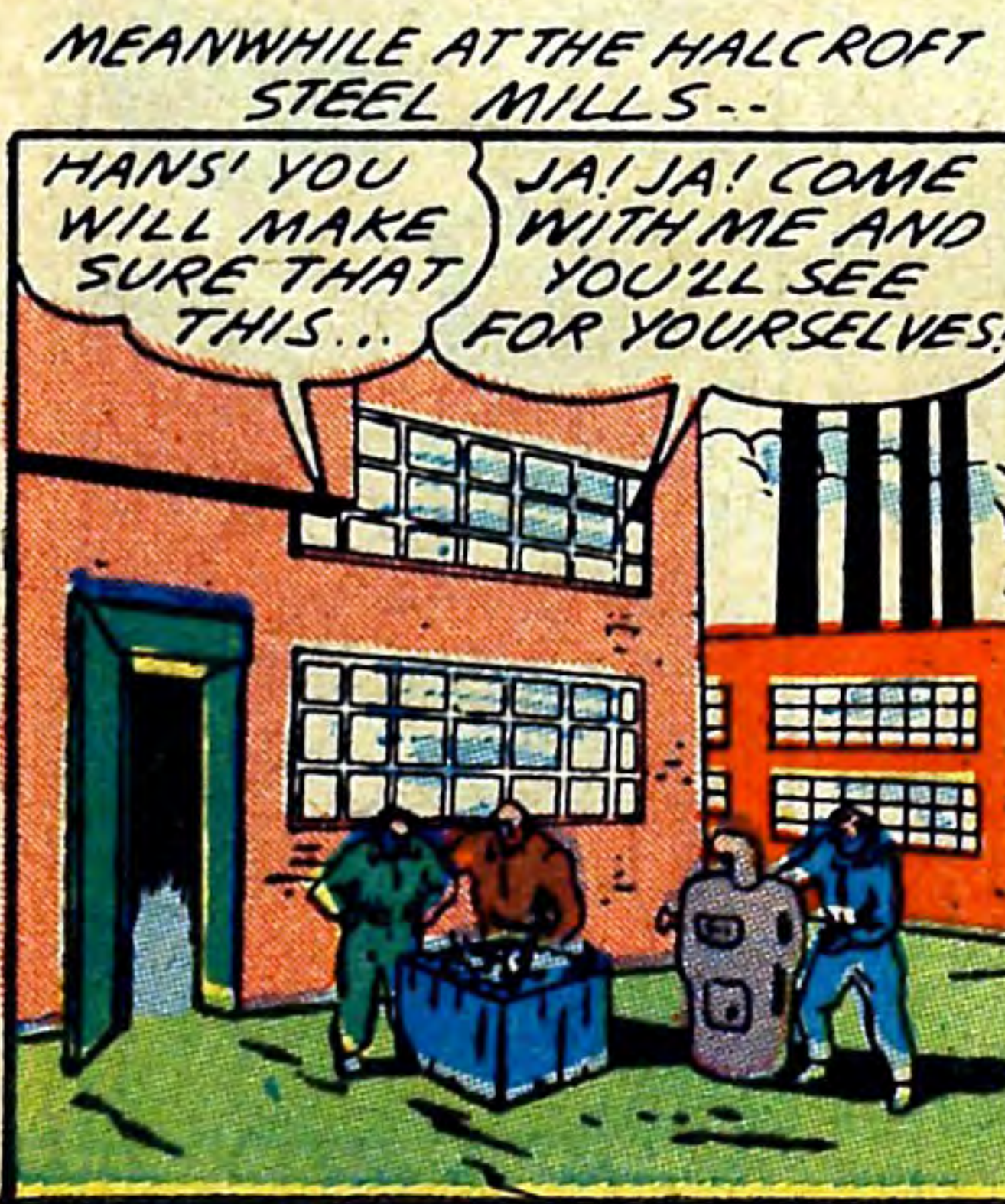


HE FIGHTS NO BULLETS.. LIKE A DEMON! BUT I'LL SMASH HIS SKULL!

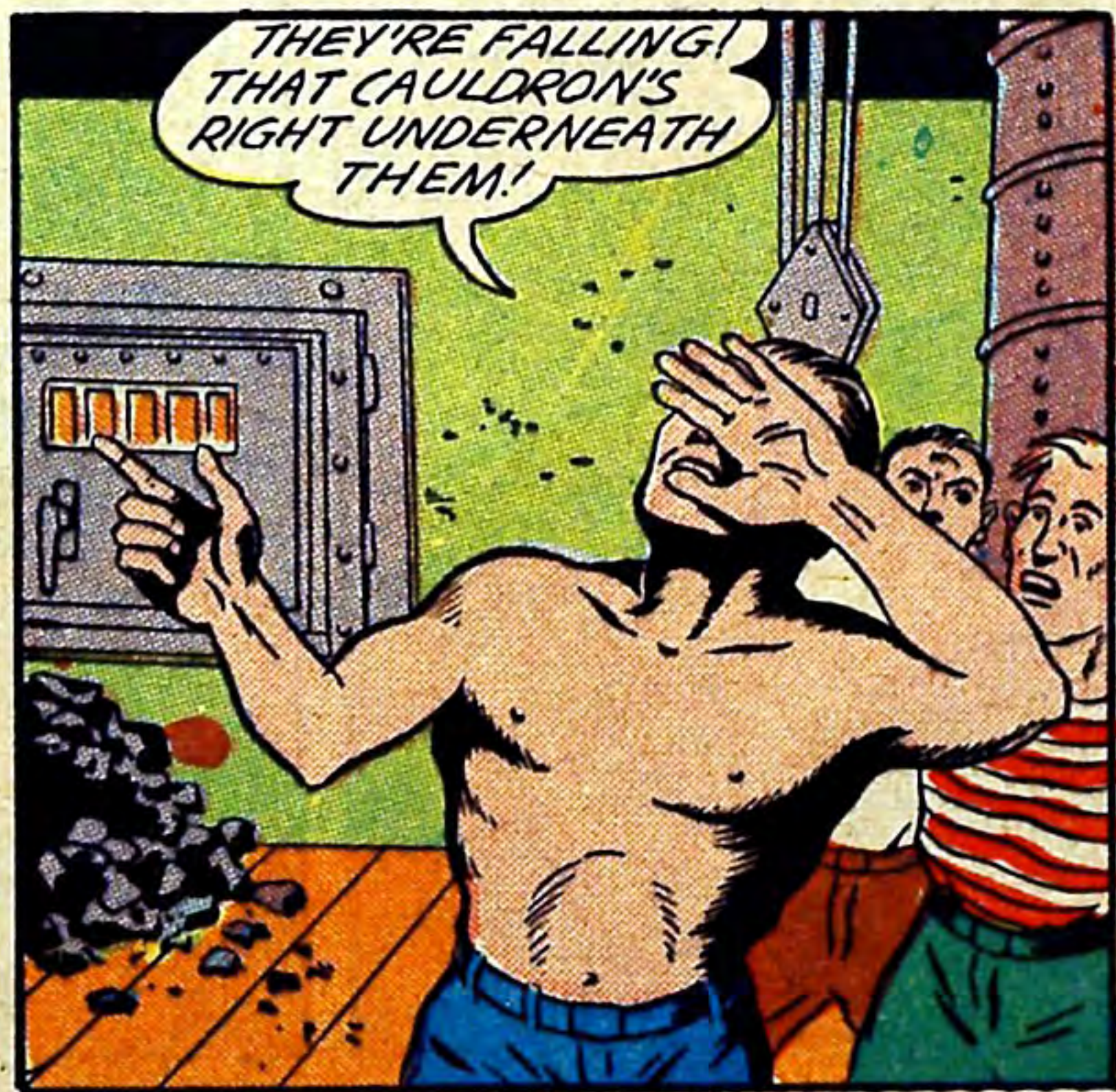
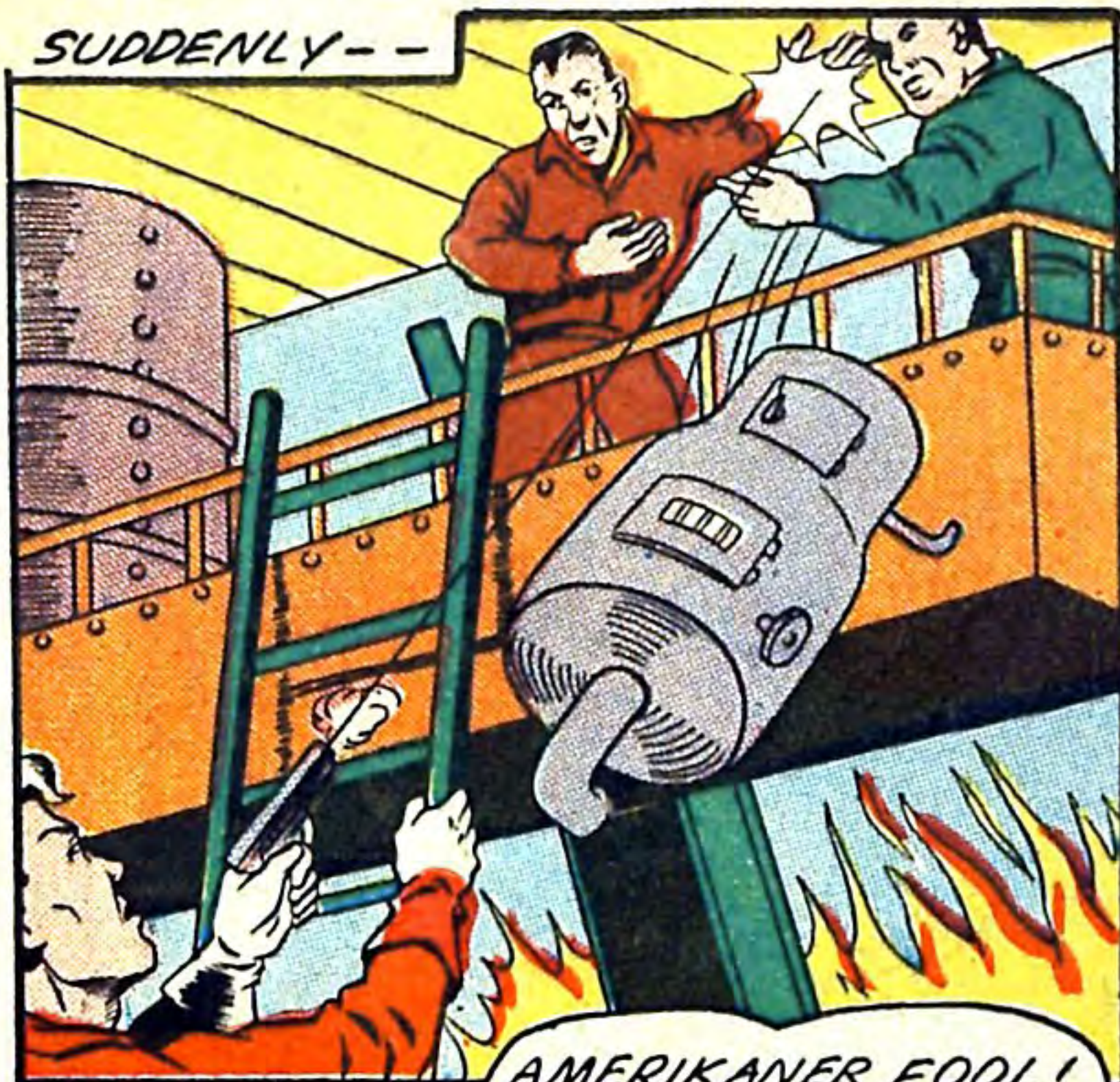
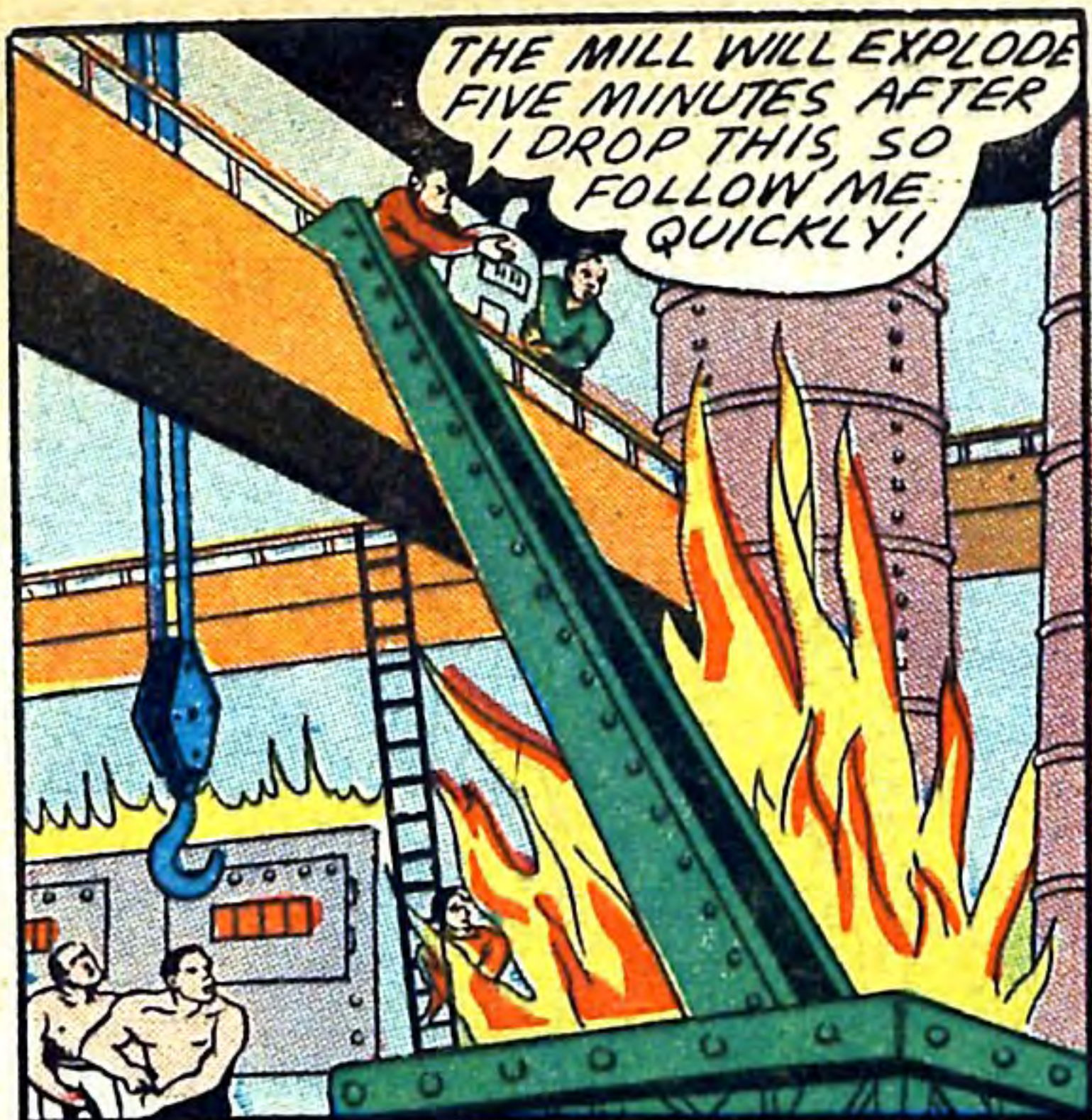


YANKEE DOG! THIS IS YOUR REWARD FOR INTERFERING WITH US!

















**HEY, FELLERS!  
YOU SHOULD'VE  
SEEN JIMMY  
LICK BIG BUTCH  
WITH JU-JITSU!**

**THE BIG BULLY! ALWAYS  
PICKING ON SMALLER  
KIDS.**



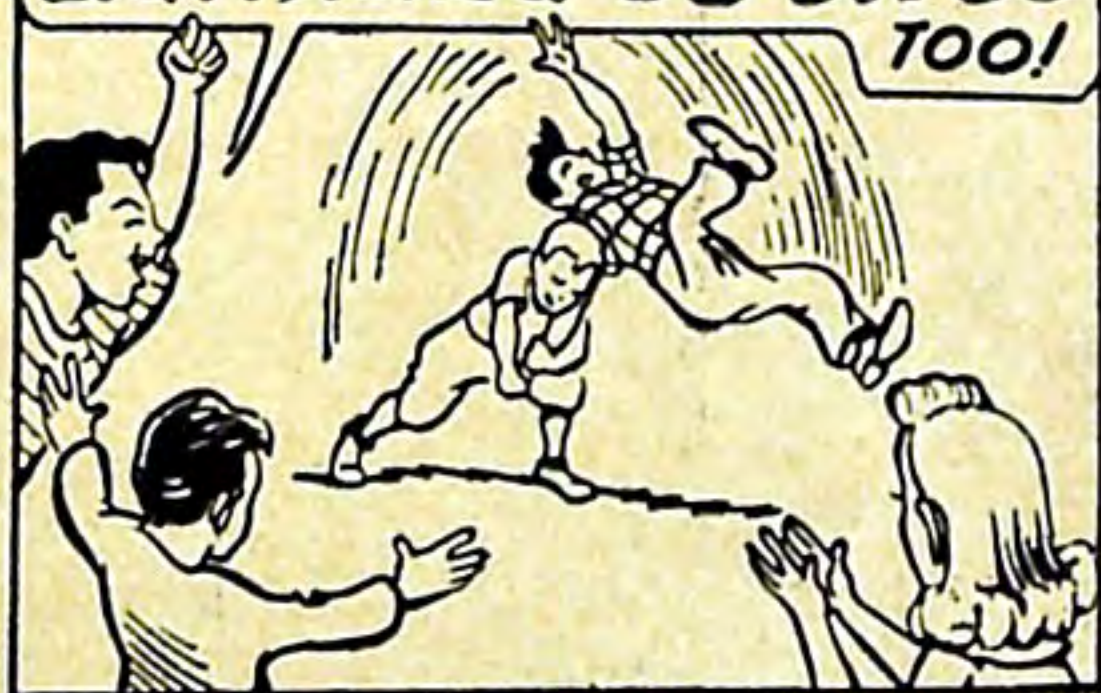
**I'M GOING TO TEACH  
THAT GUY A LESSON.**

**IT'S NO USE, JIMMY,  
BUTCH IS TOO BIG FOR YOU.**



**I DON'T KNOW ABOUT  
THAT. I'VE GOT A FEW  
TRICKS UP MY  
SLEEVE.**

**WOW! LOOK AT JIMMY FIGHT.  
I'M GOING TO LEARN  
LIGHTNING JU-JITSU  
TOO!**



**ARE  
YOU  
BEING  
PUSHED AROUND  
BY BIGGER  
FELLOWS?**

Have you been "scared" of some one because he knows how to box or wrestle and you don't? Have you thought of yourself as just not being able to fight at all?

Then STOP taking it, fellow, and BEGIN dishing it out! Here's the great new book on JU-JITSU—the method our Commandos use—the technique that will make you a REAL FIGHTING MAN!

The incredible things you've heard about JU-JITSU may sound like fairy tales—but they're all true. Skinny featherweights do somersault 200 pounds through space... a poke of the finger can knock an opponent into dreamland... professional boxers and wrestlers do admit that a JU-JITSU expert is too tough for them!

Now you, too, can become an expert—and built just as you are! That's the beauty of JU-JITSU. Yes, even though you weigh less than 100 pounds, you can learn how to bowl over your enemies like a Commando knocking over the Japs. It doesn't take weeks or months. In double quick time—without gadgets, without big muscles—you will be tougher than you ever dreamed. Then imagine how your friends will admire you—how proud your family and your girl friend will be of you—when you've shown them that you've become a real fighting man.

**JUST A  
SAMPLE  
OF WHAT  
YOU'LL FIND  
IN THIS  
AMAZING BOOK**

- How to beat a boxer
- How to beat a wrestler
- How to hit where it hurts
- How to break a body grip
- The answer to a right hook
- How to break a wrist-lock
- How to break a half-nelson
- How to break a strangle-hold
- How to disarm a hold-up man
- How to flip a man over your hip
- How to apply the "teeth-rattler"
- How to knock-out an enemy with one blow
- How to somersault a man over your shoulder
- AND STILL MORE,**

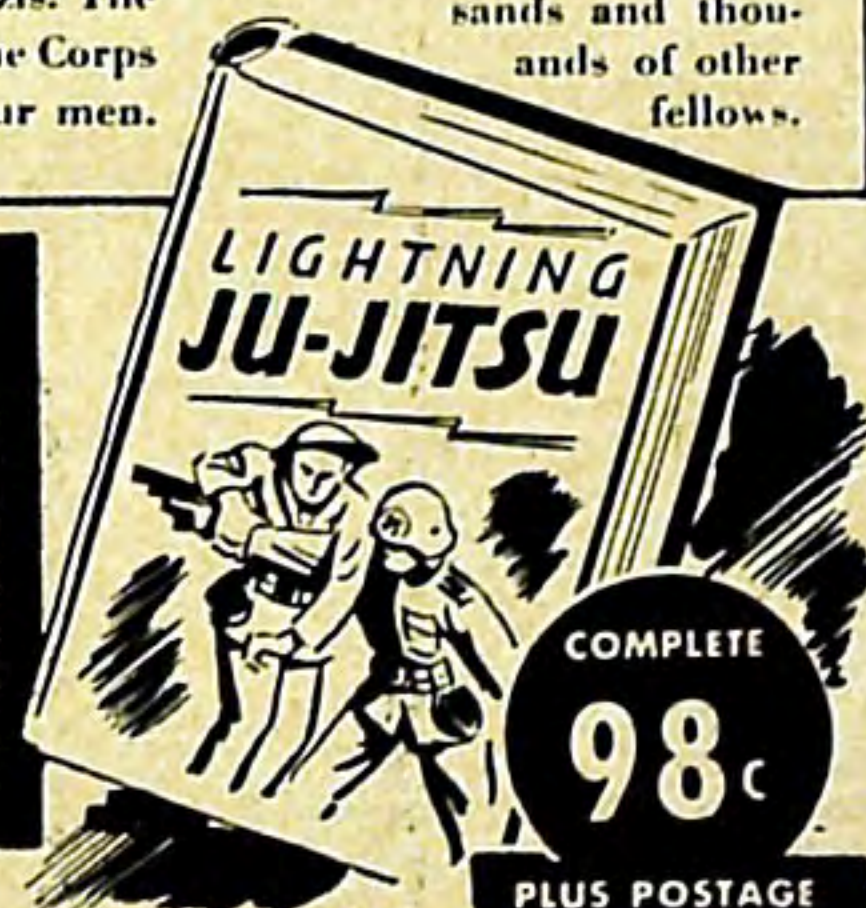
**GET AS TOUGH AS THE COMMANDOS!**

The Rangers and Commandos know JU-JITSU and rely upon it to protect their lives when they find themselves in desperate hand-to-hand combat with Japs and Nazis. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps teach JU-JITSU to our men.

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- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman 98c (plus 21c postage and C.O.D. charges).
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# HELP UNCLE SAM

-make official  
PLANE models

BOY, WHAT A  
PLANE! HOW'D  
YU MAKE IT?

CINCH! I USED  
AN X-ACTO  
SET - FOR  
SPEED AND  
ACCURACY!

SOME KNIFE!  
AND THE  
BLADES ARE  
SO EASY TO  
RENEW, TOO!

OH, SURE -  
IN ABOUT A  
SECOND; 8  
BLADES, TOO  
- ONE FOR  
EACH JOB!

HERE'S THE PAY-  
OFF - A BIG, DETAILED  
INSTRUCTION BOOK -  
FREE!

GEE! I WANT  
TO MAKE NAVY  
MODELS, TOO!  
'LL ASK DAD  
FOR A SET!

OO, GEE,  
DAD -  
THANKS A  
MILLION!

SURE, SON.  
HERE'S THE  
MONEY.  
YOU'RE SERVING  
UNCLE SAM  
RIGHT NOW!

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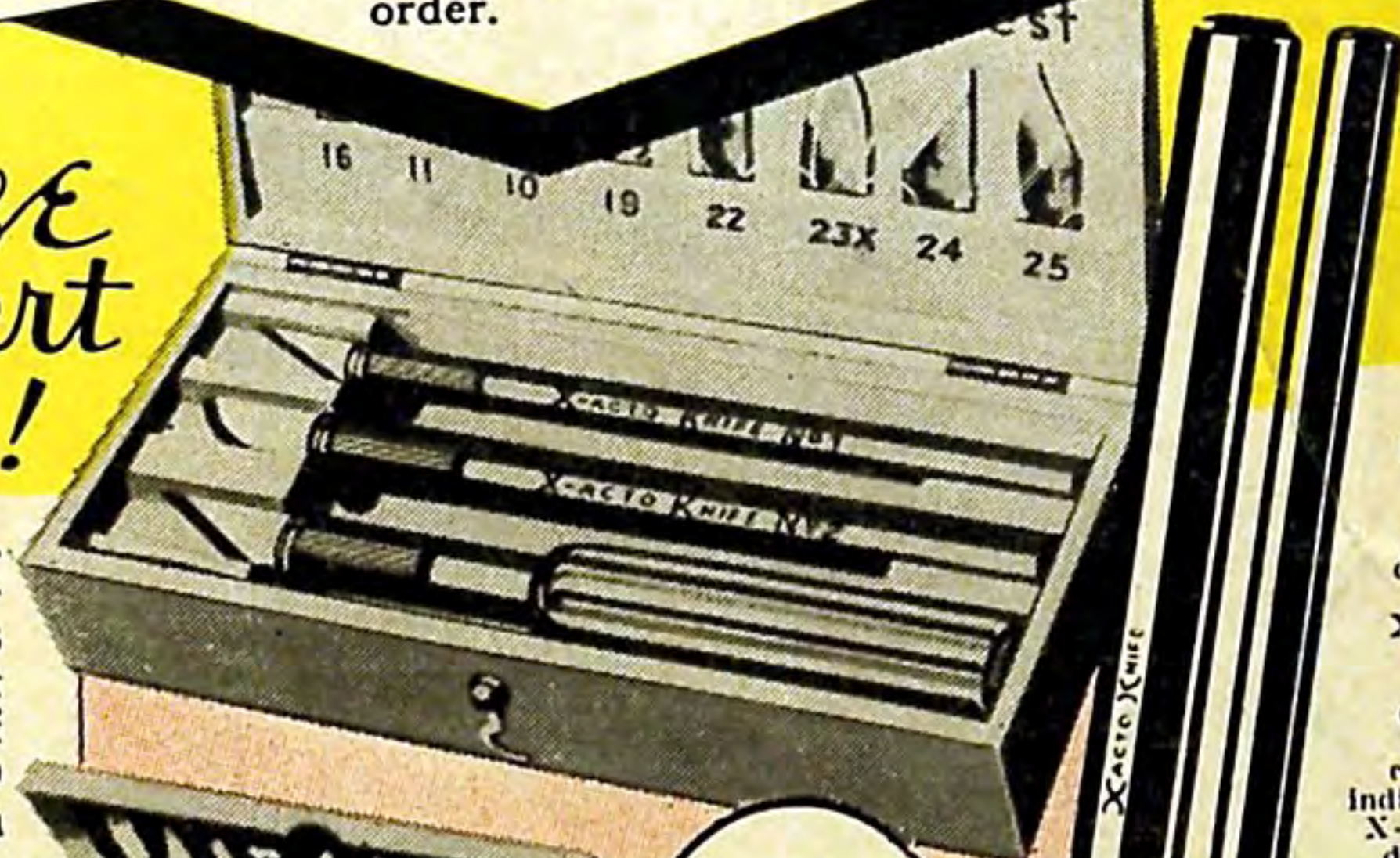
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